Girljock

Thaw out now issue 1993 #9

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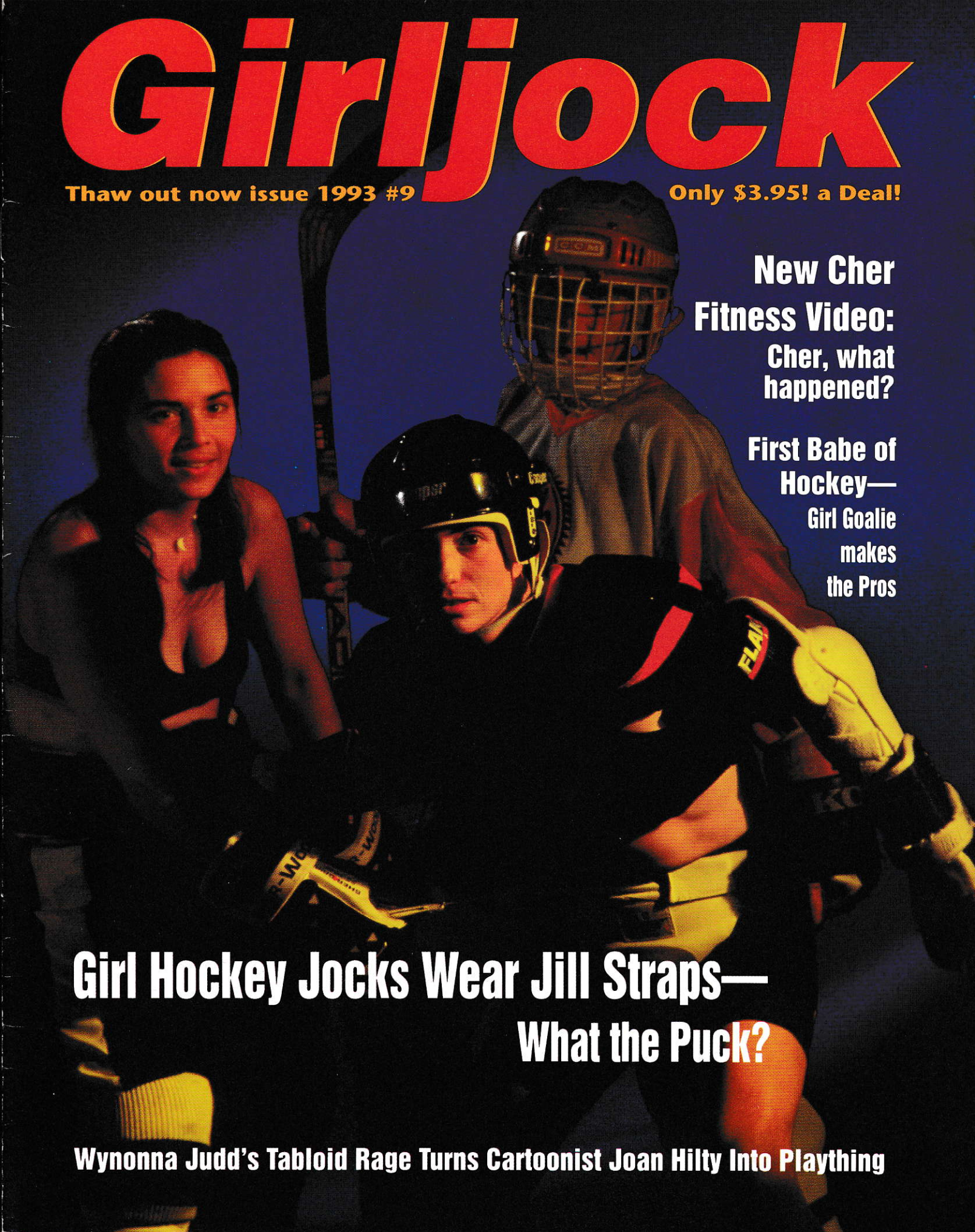

New Cher Fitness Video:
Cher, what happened?

First Babe of Hockey—
Girl Goalie makes the Pros

Girl Hockey Jocks Wear Jill Straps—
What the Puck?

Wynonna Judd's Tabloid Rage Turns Cartoonist Joan Hilty Into Plaything

GIRLJOCK™ MAGAZINE'S Thaw out now issue.1993 #9

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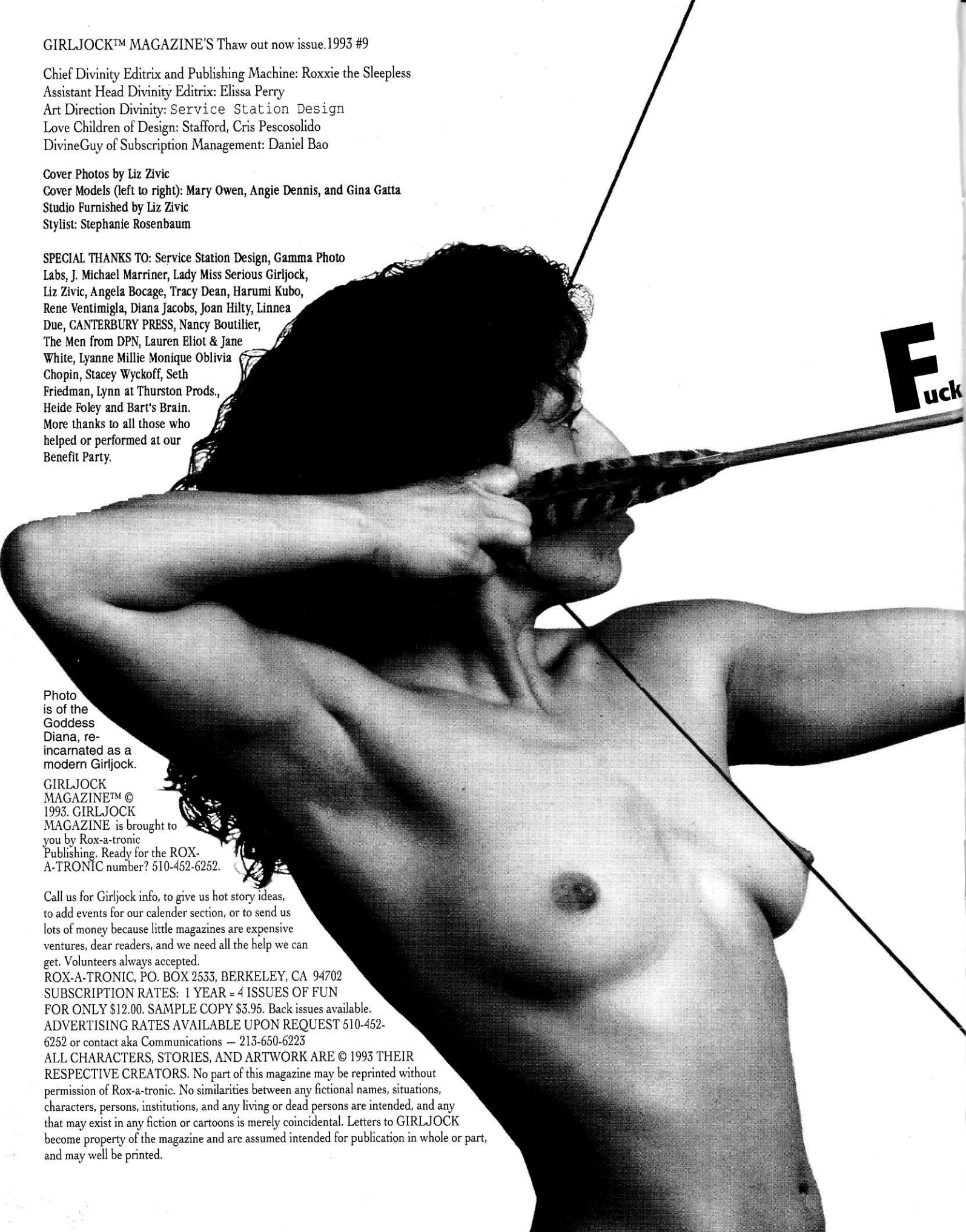

Photo is of the Goddess Diana, re-incarnated as a modern Girljock.

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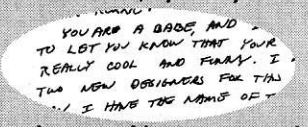
p. 3 GRRRLjock shorts: Susie Bright's New Use for Madonna's Sex Book and more short delights.Girljock Watcher's Calendar, by Nancy Boutilier.



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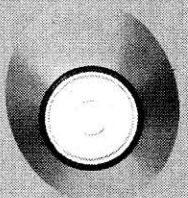

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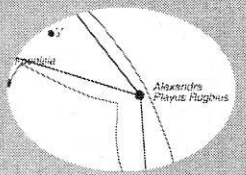

p. 32 StarJock Astrology, by Minna Je Twa.

the well of loneliness,

we're here to have fun

NATIONAL ENQUIRER
Jan. 12, 1993
99¢/$1.09 CANADA
LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN AMERICA

Wynonna Judd: I'm no lesbian

Wynonna Judd fights bad: I'm no lesbian

And she rides around town dressed in black leather on Harley-Davidson motorcycles. "And to top it off, she often has a woman sitting in back of her on the bike."

Big-boned Wynonna has been fighting rumors she is gay for years, say music insiders. But they add that she's partly to blame because she rides motorcycles, has a weight problem and makes negative comments about men. "She's her own w

TRUE GIRLWOCK TRAUMA!

I WAS A TABLOID PLAYTHING

OR, "SCUMMY VOYEURISTIC HOMOPHOBIA, PART XVIVIXX"

Joan Hilty, 1993

WHEN THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER STARTED CALLING FOR GIRLWOCK 'TOONIST, SHE **IGNORED** THEM UNTIL HER EDITOR CALLED HER AT WORK TO BEG.

THEY'VE CALLED HERE THREE TIMES TODAY!! GET THEM **OFF MY BACK!!**

SLOPE MAPS

WETLANDS

RIPARIAN ZONES

IT REGARDED A LITTLE **'TOON** ABOUT GJT'S TORRID AFFAIRS WITH **GABRIELA SABATINI, ELLEN BARKIN, MICHAEL STEELE** AND **WYNONNA JUDD.**

GIRLWOCK 'TOONIST THOUGHT SHE WOULD JUST BE ASSURING DUMB STRAIGHT REPORTER THAT THE 'TOON WAS **NOT TRUE.**

HEH! ME WOULD HAVE TO BE **TRIATHLETE!!**

LET ME GET HIM FOR YOU. AND WHAT NUMBER ARE YOU CALLING FROM IN CASE WE LOSE THE CONNECTION?

CELEBRITY LUV!

WHATTA CHEAP TRICK!

INSTEAD, GIRLWOCK 'TOONIST GOT **GAY** REPORTER AND A **REALLY RUDE SHOCK.**

MY SOURCES IN NASHVILLE SAY SOMEONE SENT **NAOMI JUDD** THE CARTOON AND SHE BLEW A **GASKET!**

BY GOD! NO ONE CALLS MY BABY GIRL A LEZZBIAN!!

NO, SUGAR! NOT THE BLUNDERBUSS!

REPORTER CLAIMED HE WOULD TELL GJT'S SIDE OF THE STORY BUT FIRST TRIED TO **DISH** LIKE CRAZY. GJT WAS NOT A BIG HELP.

IT WAS A JOKE IT WAS A JOKE IT WAS A JOKE IT IT IT

TOO FREAKED OUT TO FORM COMPLETE SENTENCES

I **LOVED** THE CARTOON!

I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT **ALL** THOSE WOMEN! HAVEN'T YOU?

D'YA KNOW **GARTH BROOKS'** GAY SISTER?

TWO WEEKS LATER, ENQUIRER RAN **GIANT** STORY USING THEIR GAY REPORTER'S NOTES (**GOOD** DOG! **GOOD** BOY!) BUT WRITTEN BY CRUMMY **HOMOPHOBIC SQUZZBALLS.**

?

SAME ISSUE AS "AMY FISHER WILL BE RAPED BY LEZBOS IN PRISON" STORY

"BIG-BONED WYNONNA IS TO BLAME FOR GAY RUMORS BECAUSE SHE RIDES MOTORCYCLES."

GREAT. NOW SHE'S GONNA SELL HER HARLEYS AND MARRY OFF QUICKLY.

AND SHE WAS **SO** HOT.

WYNONNA: I'M NO LESBIAN!!

GIRLWOCK 'TOONIST DECIDED TO **BLOW UP** ENQUIRER OFFICES.

THIS PANEL IS NOT TRUE. SO DON'T ANYONE CALL ME ABOUT IT.

girljock shorts

Dumb Boy Joke

"There are three boys in the playground. A genie comes down and says, 'I want to give each of you a wish.'

"The first boy says, 'I want to be ten times smarter than I am.' The genie says, 'Poof! You're ten times smarter than you were.'

"The second boy says, 'I want to be a hundred times smarter than I am.' The genie says, 'Poof! You're a hundred times smarter.'

"The third boy says, 'I want to be a thousand times smarter than I am.' The genie says, 'Poof! You're a girl.'"

— From 8 year old daughter of Amy Ephron, as reported in Ephron's Column

On Hollywood:

"If you have a vagina and an attitude in this town, then that's a lethal combination."

—Sharon Stone (Empire, June).

Martina Navratilova on Bigotry & Colorado in Ladies Home Journal:

"I think any kind of prejudice will fail ultimately. In fact, I think that this fight is going to galvanize both straights and gays to pull together."

New Use for Madonna's Sex Book

San Francisco — 'Twas the night before Christmas, and author Susie Bright was desperately looking for a large tray on which to bake flat sheets of gingerbread. After a futile search, she spotted the cumbersome Madonna Sex book, and remembered the cover was made of aluminum. She offed the cover, greased it, and baked this lovely gingerbread house.

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#4 Long Haired Lesbians Speak Out! Bocage Cartoons, Lesbian Lexicon + more!
#5 Susie Bright issue! Why she left *On Our Backs*, Bocage's Baton Twirling + Weltman's Transgressive Sex Satire!
#6 Weightlifting Secrets, Hilty Cartoons, Boutilier meets Babes, + Alaskan Women's Hockey
#7 Martina's ex, Madonna Swings a Bat, and Cunnilympics...
#8 Surfgirls, picking up cyclists, Hilty's Olympic musings, etc...

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Girljock & Girljock Watchers Calander by Nancy Boutilier
March - June 1993

March 26-28

Why go to Colorado where you won't be welcome? **The Dinah Shore Tournament Weekend** in Palm Springs; Ready for some golf, cruising, party time and hairspray? Not to mention those plaid golf outfits? Many East Coast Lesbians do not realize that this is the major Southern California Lesbo gathering of the year, but Barbara Boxer appeared here last year, looking for votes. Immortally funny Kate Clinton, Cutie Ellen Degeneres, and more goofy ladies are performing at an event called "Funny Girlz"(310-288-6400).

April 3

Race for the Cure is a fun and fundraising event to beat breast cancer. Organized in cities across the country, April 3 is the day to run or walk in Wichita and Austin. Other spring dates and places to "Race for the Cure" include: April 17 in Detroit, Indianapolis, and Fort Worth; May 1 in Des Moines; May 8 in Peoria; May 9 in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Minneapolis; June 5 in Plano, TX; June 13 in Davenport, IA; June 19 in Washington, D.C.; and June 26 in Decatur, IL. Look for the Race for the Cure in your area.

April 25

It's the walking event of the decade—the **1993 March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay & Bi Equal Rights and Liberation!** The only competition will be for the few remaining accomodations left in the nation's capitol. It's low impact aerobic activity, but high impact politics. The big question is: who *won't* be there? Uniforms are optional. There will be a motorcycle run on April 24, and if you are into contact sports, be sure to stick around for the direct action and civil disobedience events planned for April 26. For more information, call (800) 832-2889 or (202) 628-0493.

May 29-31

Team San Francisco Sports Festival will be one of the Bay Area's biggest lesbian and gay sporting events of the year. Physique '93 and the Gay Tennis Federation's championships will be held in conjunction with competition in a variety of sports including martial arts, raquetball, table tennis, basketball, men's flag football, wrestling, boxing, billiards, distance running and volleyball. For information, call (415) 821-2991.

June 20-22

The fourth annual European Sports Unites takes place in the Hague. Last year this multisports festival sponsored by Holland's gay sports federation, Gay Integration through Sports and Arts Holland, included badminton, volleyball, and basketball. This year there are hopes of adding track & field competition. For more, contact Ben Baks at The European Gay & Lesbian Sports Federation, Breadstraat 28, 2513 TT Den Hay Nederland, or call (0)70/3-624-442.

June 27-August 2

Either oar—choose a kayak, a canoe, or both for **The Finlandia Clean Water Challenge**—a 1065-mile stage race that begins in Chicago and ends in New York. Racers will paddle an average of 33 miles a day across all four Great Lakes, along five rivers, and through the Erie Canal. Proceeds go to help protect the waterways. For details, contact Marty Grabijas, American Canoe Association, 7432 Alban Station Blvd., Suite B-226, Springfield, VA 22150, or call (703) 451-0141.

editor's note: Please send us your future sporting announcements so we can list them here.

Hello GirlJock!

Dear Girljock,
Passed three of your 'zines all over the airplane on the way to the regional softball championship in Las Vegas over Labor Day. Bob says: Love you in Seattle!!(Baby oooh Baby)
Diana T.

Hi Roxxie,
This card is to congratulate you on that fine cover story in the East Bay Express. Mall stores are one thing, but local recognition can be quite satisfying.
Girljock just gets better and more fun with every issue. You've filled a real need in the magazine world. Keep in touch, and keep kicking.
Liz Schiller

To whom it may concern,
As an admirer of sporting Lesbians, I was very intrigued by the description of your magazine in Boing Boing #9, and of course, have to have it.
Sincerely,
Stephen A.
P.S.... As a male, I doubt that many people would say I was being chauvinist, or prejudiced, when I say that from my observations of my own gender, 99.9% of males appear to be total shitheads. So what I wonder is why more women haven't noticed this and become lesbians?

Dear Roxxie and other Girljocks,
I liked your newest a lot, though it was a bit of a shock to see people I know listed in a "How to Female Ejaculate Video" ad. People turn up in the strangest places.
-Aaron, editor of Cometbus
Ed. note: Cometbus is a fascinating diary of travels, letters and slices of life. "Ride the wohl whip" Cometbus Fanzine, $1.50 from Lookout Records, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94701.

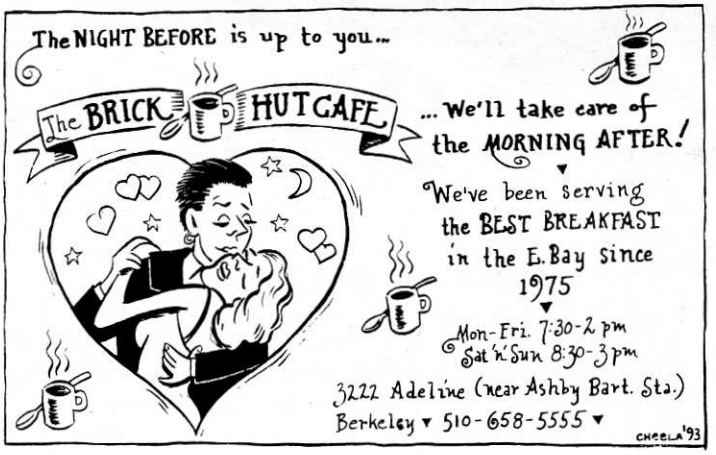
REGARDING an Error in the Last Issue's Feature Story, ***Wave Obsession***

Dear Editrix,
Wave Obsession ... Yo! If a minus tide has anything to do with the arrival of a southwest swell, that's news to me. What I wrote was this: "I have a strong feeling that a southwest swell has come in overnight, and with a minus tide at 3:30 a.m., the west side of Santa Cruz is going to be kicking."
I'll forgive you this time, since I can tell your interview of the pseudo-surfer, who claims soccer is better than surfing, that you haven't gotten wet enough. Why don't you come to Santa Cruz and we'll see what we can do about that.
Hang loose,
Chela Zabin

ED. Note: We apologize for these magazine fielding errors: the copyediting error in Ms. Zabin's surfing article, omitting Ms. Zabin's byline, and any other errors we have made. Yes, it is too true that the abundance of soccer knowledge among GJ's staff members is higher than our surfing knowledge; it was our surfing curiosity that propelled us to create GJ's surfing issue. As we stated in issue number one, "We apologize for any errors, but nobody's perfect."

Send Us Your Letters

Girljock Magazine welcomes your letters! We may have to edit or condense them because of space limitations, but we still want you to send them. Write us now:
Hello Girljock
P.O. Box 2533
Berkeley, CA 94702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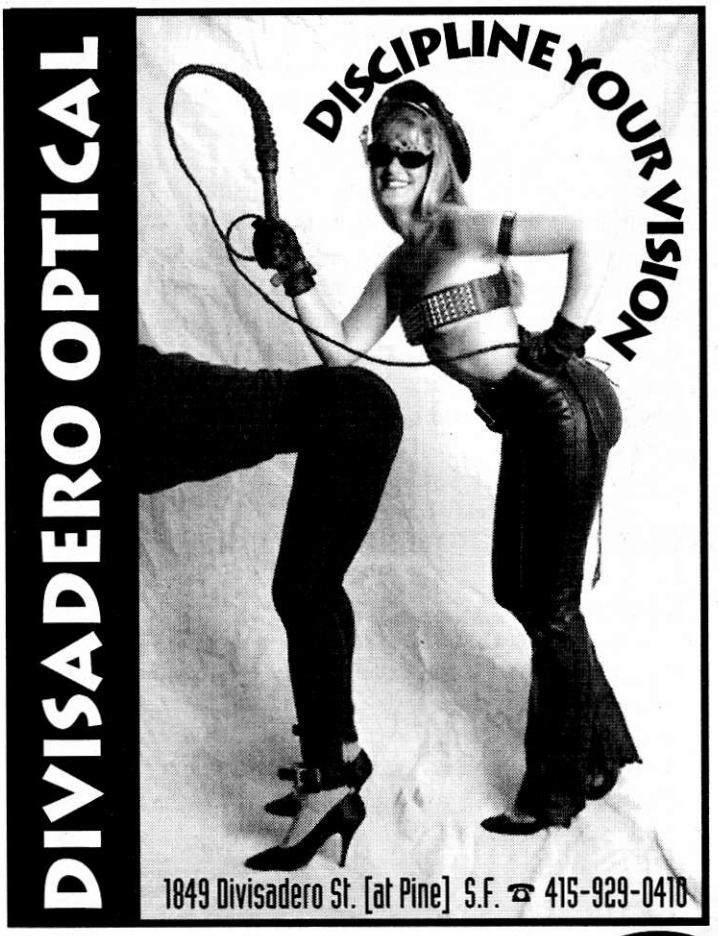

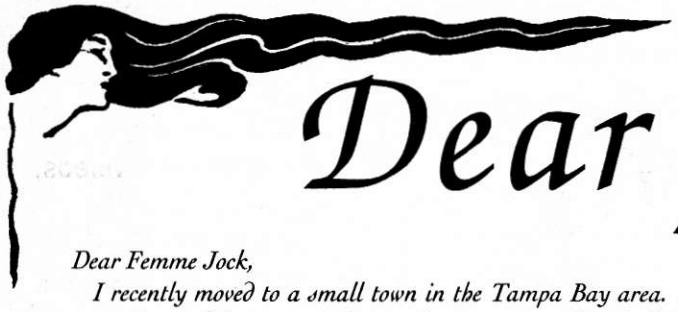

Dear femme jock

Dear Femme Jock,

I recently moved to a small town in the Tampa Bay area. I walk every day and have a great route here — over a long bridge to the neighboring town and overlooking the river and bay — it's beautiful! The best part, though, is all the women I see — usually running. Many of them look like true girljocks to me, but my dilemma is this! How can I get beyond a smile and (exaggerated breathless) hello when these cute women are running the opposite way I'm walking? I've thought of tripping one or two but am afraid that won't endear me to them. Should I feign a pulled muscle and ask for a hand (or massage)?

I'm ordering a Girljock T-shirt in hopes that will help. I don't know what to do unless I start walking backward.

I need your expert advice, Femme Jock.

Yours,
Trying to Bridge More Than the Distance

Dear Trying to BMT the D,

Such a dilemma. How to meet girls. Especially girls who are running, seemingly, away from you. Darling, are you sure you want to? You've considered the possible heart ache not to mention the shin splints? The mud kicked up, seeming in pursuit of physical well-being and harmony? You've considered the difference in pacing, rhythm and breathing styles? You've checked out books from the library on Women Who Love Women Who Are Running (Away)? You've looked into, deeply into, your childhood and past-life experiences where you were, indeed, a bridge? You're sure you're not repeating a painful pattern? Yes? No? Well, then.

I'm sure that my editrix would encourage me to assure you that a Girljock T-shirt is the answer. Walking backwards does do wonders for the gluteus maximus. And possible for your perspective on life. But, truly, I suggest finding (and, yes, I have faith that they exist) women who are walking the same direction.

The Best of Luck,
F.J.

Dear Femme Jock,

I am a scuba diver, and have about decided to replace my old pair of black "jet fins" with a new, improved set in a fashion color. However, my girlfriend says that my "big feet," as she calls them, are a real turn-on for her — she gets excited whenever she sees them drying in the bathroom after a dive. I offered to get her a pair of her own for our upcoming Caribbean trip, but she says that it's the fact that they are mine that gets her going.

Now I can't decide whether to risk getting a new set, because they might not have the same effect. What do you think?

Yours,
Diver Wanting To Keep Things Wet

Dear D wanting to KTW,

What are some of the things we femmes like about butches? One of them is your earnest bafflement at being loved for who you are. Darling, the key to your dilemma is simply what your girlfriend has already told you: Your big feet turn her on. Yours. Whether they're old and funky or new and groovy. Granted, some of us find irresistible a lack of fashion sense, or that old comfortable clothing look.

But we're flexible, so Miss Diver, dive away. Dive into her and see if you can reach that spot that will tell you — really, really tell you on every inch of your epidermis-without-a-wet-suit what she's already told you. Baby, she loves it when you're doing what you love best: diving. There, in the bathroom is one physical reminder of your pleasure and hence hers — your big wet feet. This is, I assure you, normal: many of us have foot fetishes.

In case your loved one really is into the old worn out comfortable and familiar dyke daddy look, come up, so to speak, with some alternatives, until you get your new feet fitting and feeling the way you like. I suggest you get her to help by making her show you how much she loves your new, groovy and fashionable feet by performing various acts with them, one of which might be fellatio.

Confidential to FJ Fan,

Darling, I'm flattered. And I love to be flattered. I also like to keep women guessing. Of course you're wondering what kind of panties I wear, as well you should be.

In partial answer to your jock strap question: no, dear, I've never worn one myself. After all, I'm Femme Jock. It might ruin my image.

For some titillation, so to speak, I will tell you that I have worn boxer shorts; usually with a hose and garter, and always a pair of my girlfriend's, as opposed to my own personal pair.

There are infinite possibilities. Keep wondering, darling, it will do you good.

Dahlings – Send all your problems to Femme Jock
c/o Girljock Magazine
P.O. Box 2533
Berkeley, CA 94702

love letter contest

Can You Stand the Test of Love?

Girljock Love Letter Contest

Out-write us! We dare you to enter Girljock's first ever Love Letter Contest. Let us feel the power of your prose.

Here's a sample love letter, written by Girljock editrix Roxxie during a moment of passion.

Dear Beautiful Creature,

I'd like to apply for a position as your motor-scooter. You could paint me any color you'd like, and chain me to any fence or park bench or utility pole or sign, while you went shopping inside. Then you could get on my back and wrap your legs around me tight and balance me between your thighs and then ride me all over San Francisco (or insert your city of choice). You could inscribe any nickname you desire on my license, and I would wear it like a diamond for the whole world to see. A free trial ride is yours for the taking. I am very economical too, and nice to sit on.

Yours,
Scooter

Did this letter actually work? Stay tuned to Girljock's next issue where we broadcast the results of our contest!

Three Winners will be selected!
Winners receive Girljock T-shirts, and other special prizes.

Contest Deadline is May 1.
Limit: 3 letters per person.

Send your name, address, phone number and your love letters to:

Girljock Love Department
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Paperbag

by Carla Trujillo

I'm in the bathroom, naked. I look in the mirror, do a bicep flex; first one arm, then the other, front, then back. Not bad. Little, but tight. Stepping back I put my hands on my hips, check my stomach and feel the washboard muscles. All right, not totally washboard. Okay, if I flex my stomach, at least it feels hard. I step up on the toilet and look at my legs. The front looks good, thighs big, calves nice, but jeez, cellulite is beginning to show on the sides. Gonna have to add more goddamn squats.

"I hate squats."

"Say something, hon?"

"No," I say, "just mumbling."

I jump off the toilet and give myself an overall assessment: "If I put a paperbag over my face, my body doesn't look a day over twenty-five." I pause, look again. "Better make that twenty eight."

Gonna have to add more goddamn squats.

"What'd you say, hon?"

"I said maybe if we wallpapered the place, the bathroom would look really great."

"Yeah, I guess."

Course, who'd want to fuck someone with a paperbag on her head?

I walk out of the bathroom, put a camisole on and go to the kitchen where my girlfriend is doing the dishes. I give her a hug. "Baby, do you think I'm old looking?"

"Cat," she sighs. "We've been through this before. You look like you've lived a full, wonderful thirty-five years, but no, you don't look old."

I stick out one leg and flex it. "Do my legs still look good to you?" She's not looking. "Hon, look at my legs. Do they look good to you?" I flex hard for her. She turns and glances at my legs.

"Honey, your legs are as beautiful as the day I met them."

"You are so sweet." Satisfied, I kiss her and walk back to my room. I look in the mirror again. Yeah, not bad. Still, I didn't like those little cottage cheese indentations. And what does Karen know anyway? To her a workout is a jaunt through Macy's. I pause, checking out the legs one last time. My final assessment coincides with my original: six sets of ten, starting tomorrow.

I see my friend, Janey, in the weight room, the following week. Janey is an ex-kick boxer who, though little, is strong as shit, kicking practically everyone's ass as a lifter, pound for pound, man or woman.

"Janey, how old are you?" I ask while we rest between lifts.

"'Bout your age, I think."

"Thirty-five?"

"Thirty-six."

"Do you ever look at your body and think you could have amounted to more?"

"More than I am now?" She stops, flexes in the mirror. "Yeah, probably, but I don't dwell on it."

"Janey, with proper training, I bet you could have competed nationally in power-lifting. You could probably even do it now. What do you do about the cellulite we're getting?" I know she has it. Janey doesn't wear shorts, but I saw it once when she was in the shower.

"What?"

"The cellulite. You know." I point to my legs.

"Don't think about it. Face it, Cat, we're getting old, but we stay in shape and our bodies look pretty damn good." Hers definitely did. "What are you worried about?"

"Losing it, I guess."

"Ah, come on, Cat. Knock it off. Look at Jane Fonda, she's fifty-one and she still looks great."

"Yeah, plastic surgery and anorexia, I'm sure, have nothing to do with it."

"She's in shape, man."

"Yeah." I try not to think about the special effects of airbrushing and soft-focus cameras. "I don't know, I'm not as strong as I was. I used to warm up with a hundred and five pounds, now it's my max!"

"Well, you don't bench press three times a week anymore, either."

"Yeah." I realize I'm pathetically feeling sorry for myself, so I shut up.

"Well," Janey continues, "then start doing them again. I know people who work out regularly when they are old and they still look great. Look at Jack La Lanne."

I add on five pounds to my max. "Yeah, did you know that every year on his birthday he swims a mile towing nine or ten boats with a rope between his teeth?" She looks at me quizzically. "Or something like that." I smile and she laughs.

"Jack La Lanne's dead," some guy overhears us and yells this out.

"Yeah?" I ask.

"Yeah, either that, or he's least seventy or eighty."

Janey and I look at each other and laugh.

"Cat, just shut up and lift."

We finish our workout and walk through the weight room back to the lockers. I see men and women look at us. It's either because we're dykes, or we simply look good. Or both. I decide I don't need a paper bag. Not now. Not ever.

The author's note: she doesn't really have cellulite, she just made that part up.

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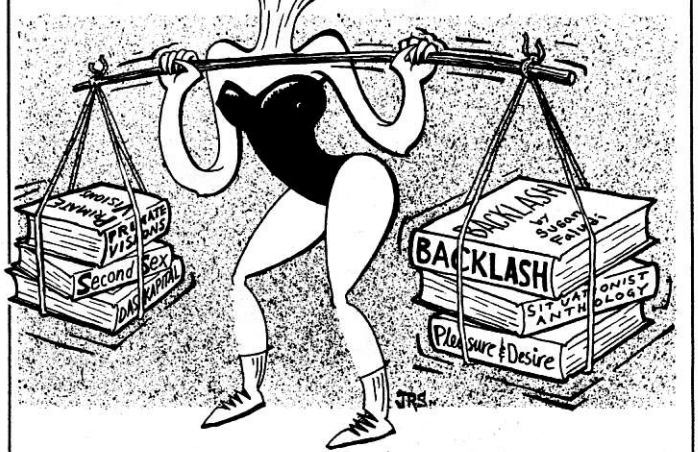

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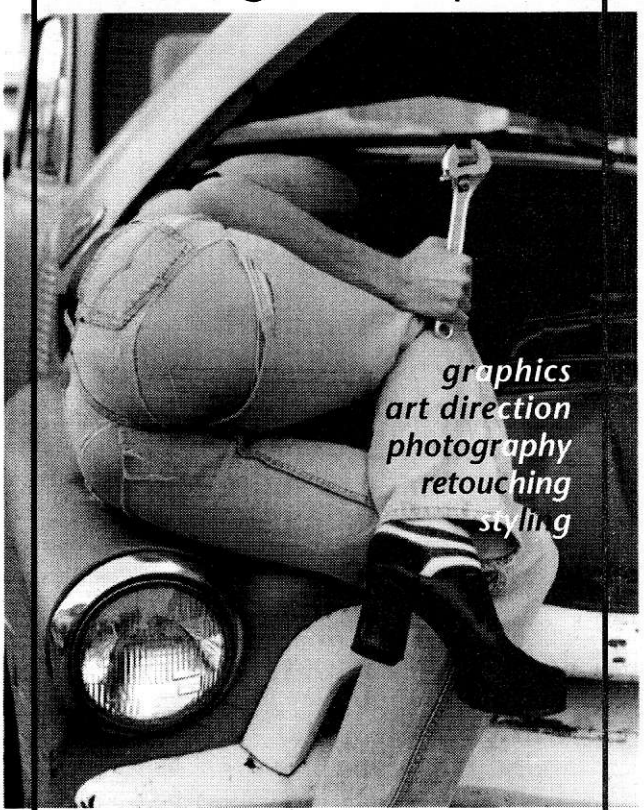

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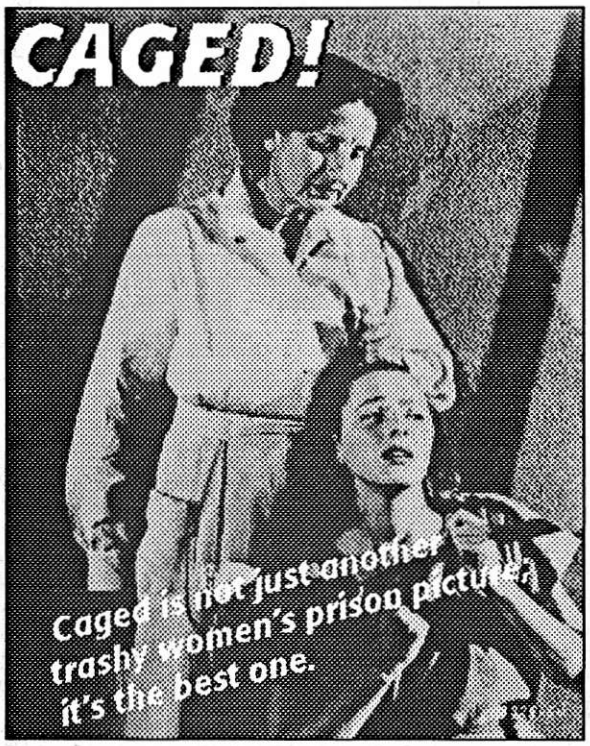

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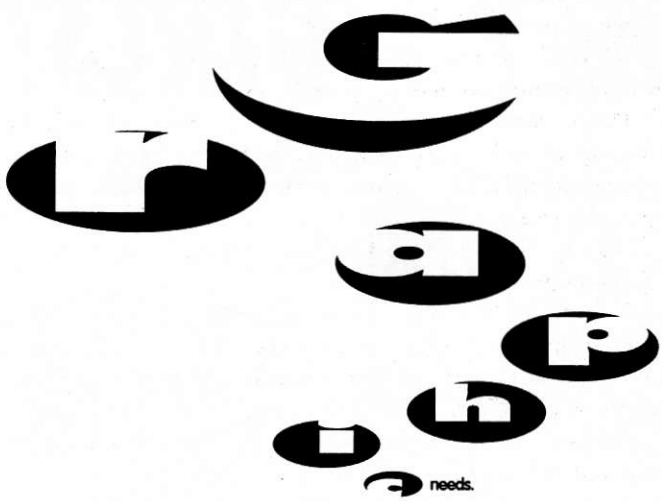

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by Robbi Sommers

Sure, I go to the gym.

Ace works Thursday evenings at the Gym. She trains the novices. Yeah, me, I'm a beginner — looking for a sweaty workout. I sign up at Ace's desk for my first "consultation." My hot pink spandex outfit clings to my full womanly curves and I can see a glimmer of approval in Ace's eyes. Sure.... we all wear spandex for maximum workout ease. Yeah, right.

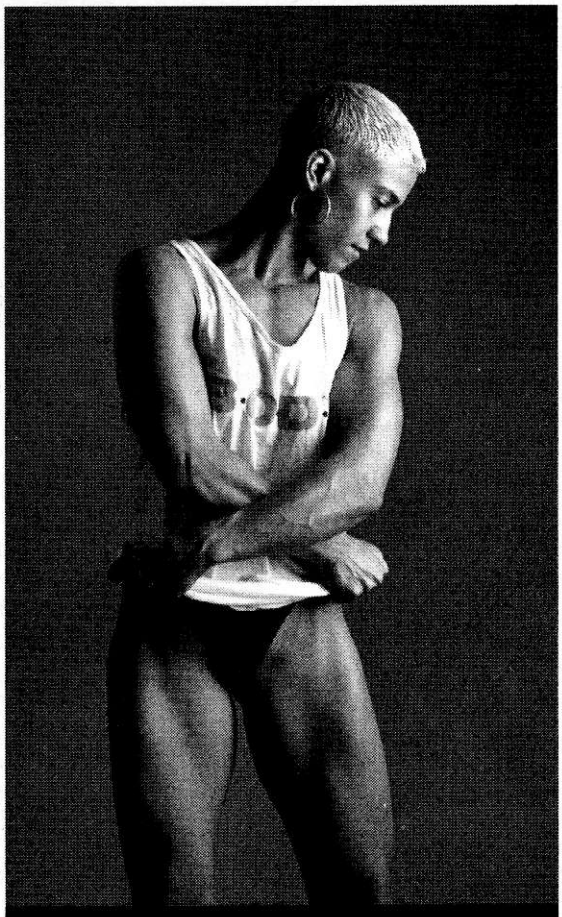
Thinking of workout ease, I strut to the barbells. Ace, most probably thinking how easy of a workout I'll be, is there in less than a spandex-snap second.

"So, how much experience you got?" She says, her voice sultry as the summer night.

What do you say when a rock-hard butch asks a question like that? I glance at her bulging biceps, her thick thighs, her firm hands. Plenty, baby.

"Not much," I answer coyly.

She looks me up and down. "You looking to tighten up or build?"



"You looking to tighten up or build?"

I focus on her bodybuilding fingers and murmur, "I guess I want to be tight."

"Gettin' women tight, that's my specialty," Ace says, attitude seeping from every pore.

That's when I start wondering why I wasted so much time hanging around the baseball field the last month or so. When it comes to athletics, a smart sports enthusiast has to have her priorities straight.

"Got to warm you up first." Ace points to an exercycle. "Ten minutes."

I climb on the bike and start to pedal. Ace loses no time picking up a barbell and doing some reps. Standing before the full length mirror, her muscles are firm, her stance steady, she looks good.

Beads of sweat tickle on my brow. One minute on the bike and I'm already sweating.

Ace tosses me a quick look. "You gettin' warm?"

"Yeah," I pant. I try to look nonchalant, like this goddamn bike is no big deal. Perspiration on my brand new outfit, son of a bitch.

"This is a leg press," Ace says as she straddles a machine bench.

She's face up, legs bent in the air. From where I sit, I can almost see up her baggy gym shorts... and I thought spandex was the only way to go!

I'm drenched. Was this bike set on uphill, or what? I push harder on the pedals while Ace lies, legs up and out, across from me.

"Works the thighs," she grunts as she extends her legs.

My view up her shorts suddenly disappears. I lean forward and pedal faster, as if somehow, if I hurry, I'd get a better peek.

Ace's legs move back to their original, spread-eagled position. Me? I'm whirling on the bike, racing, wishing I could get closer. Yeah, if I look at the right angle, I'll see up her shorts — those deliciously loose shorts.

My feet fly on the pedals. Ace's legs are spread again so wide, I can almost see everything she has to offer. Her nipples stand erect beneath her thin white tee-shirt. Her dark hair is plush under her panty-free gym shorts.

I make a sudden commitment to workout three, no four, no five times a week. Ace spreads her legs wider and I, leaning over the handle bars, ride to heaven. Oh shit I can see everything. Faster, faster, I race alongside her.

C'mon, Ace. Keep them spread, Ace.

I grip the handle bars. I'll shoot through space if I let go.

Yeah, Ace. Yeah, Ace. Let me see it all.

I'm sliding back and forth on the thick bicycle seat. I'll workout everyday, two times a day, three times a day — just don't move your legs, Ace.

Out of nowhere a tiny bell rings. Ace climbs from the leg press and clicks off the exercycle timer.

"Good warm up, huh?" She runs her fingertip across the sweat on my face, and hands me a towel.

Yeah, I think I'm going to like getting pumped.

---

bio note: Californian author Robbi Sommers is well known for her steamy lesbian erotic novels and feature magazine writing.

Photo by Chloe Atkins

Gena Ratcliff's Running Report and view from the rear

During my stay at the body shop in the sky, the factory worker installed my daddy's knees rather than the bionic ones I preferred.

Despite this fate, I love to run, and do so whenever my knees don't hurt...that's not exactly true. I've run with tendonitis. I've torn out hip muscle attachments in both legs, run on a dislocated patella, and, most recently, was running with a tibial surface fracture caused by a kneecap that slipped. Hey, who knew? I do run with pain. Some would say recklessly, but in running I find solace from life's little lemons. When I can't run, I get depressed.

How did my long-term relationship with asphalt start? I went to watch an Austin, Texas marathon. The experience was pure emotion, watching people finish such a grueling contest. The part that touched me most was the finish of the competitors in wheelchairs. If these athletes could overcome all of their obstacles and finish a 26.2 mile race, what the hell was I doing parked on the sofa all the time? I was inspired.

Coincidentally, a friend of mine convinced me to enter a 5 kilometer (3.1 mile) race. "Sure," said I. "No problem," I remember saying as I lit up one of many cigarettes.

Mind you, I had done nothing physically demanding (well, almost nothing) in a long time. I'd stopped playing team sports because I hit balls and bats with my head, made baskets for the other team (a bad sense of direction...it still haunts me), and forgot to hold my line in bike races. Yes, sports fans, I am a klutz. I was known by friends and loved ones as an accident looking for a place to happen.

So, with constant encouragement from my running buddy, I began to train for the upcoming race.

The day came much too soon. I woke up, got dressed in a pair of running shorts, a favorite T-shirt, and my trusty Saucony running shoes.

Runner Gena Ratcliff

That's the beauty of running, it requires hardly any equipment. As I drove to the park, I began to feel the twinge of absolute terror. You see, I had only run three miles once in training. Could I finish this race? Worse still, would I trip over my feet and fall flat on my face as I reached the finish line? What the hell was I doing entering a race? I parked the car.

As I crested the hill overlooking the starting line, I saw hundreds of people of all ages, races, shapes and sizes stretching and doing warm-up exercises. There was an immediate camaraderie, laughter coming from all directions. There was an electricity in the air...all that energy! My heartbeat accelerated. I got goosebumps everywhere. I was no longer afraid. I was going to compete! I suddenly felt like a kid who had always wanted to go to the Olympics and finally had arrived.

The gun went off, and so did I...much too fast (a habit I still have). I walked several times, but managed to jog most of the time. I was going to finish if it killed me, and let me tell you folks, that was a distinct possibility. When I approached the end I heard cheering. My pace quickened, exhaustion fading into the background. Then I saw the finish line. My legs developed a life of their own, moving faster and faster. I was sure I was flying. Spectators crowded both sides of the road, cheering and applauding. I was Flo-Jo. I was Lynn Jennings. I was every female athlete I'd ever idolized. The crowd was cheering for me (ah, sweet delirium). WHOOSH—under the finish banner in a sizzling time of 37:42.

It was 1986, and I've been running, injuries not withstanding, ever since.

I Enjoy my VIEW FROM THE REAR

I am a "middle-of-the-pack" runner. All the fast women are in front of me, and let me tell you darlin', the view from the rear is mighty fine.

I love speed. There are days, like today, when this is frustrating for me. Today I am midway through recovery from yet another knee surgery. Today it hurts to climb the subway stairs. But tomorrow...ah, tomorrow, is a race in Central Park, a women's race. Tomorrow I will run, if nowhere but in my own imagination.

Come, run along with me for awhile. I'll show you what I mean.

The sun is shining, a slight breeze moves through the trees, the vast beauty of Central Park is surpassed only by that which I see ahead of me.

A lithe, tan leg, alternately flexing and pointing. The calf, so well defined, is a heart shaped dream. Sweeping upward, my eyes behold a hamstring that begs to be stroked all the way up to a tiny, sculpted butt that you could bury your face in for days. See how she moves, how she slowly stretches her entire body, moving through her routine like a cat just waking from a nap in the sun.

It's getting hotter, a light film of sweat is breaking out at the nape of her neck and along her jawline. She's still warming up, going up the road at a leisurely jog. She gradually brings up the pace, until she comes towards me in short bursts of speed. Now the sweat is running down the line of her biceps, the contour of her spine showing through her now damp singlet. Her legs are pumped, the long muscles of her legs growing more defined. She runs her hands through her short, thick hair, taking a breath deep inside herself, then going limp, relaxing all the way to her core.

She's ready now. Look at her...she's getting serious, putting on her "race face." It is the face of a hunter, composed and focused on her prey...the race. This woman is fast. She'll run like the wind, seeing nothing but the road in front of her.

They call us to the start. Though I shouldn't, I'm not fast enough, I line up just behind her. I must watch her for just a bit longer.

The gun sounds, and we're off. I'm going as fast as I can. This woman, this fantasy, pulls further and further ahead. The muscles of her buttocks bunching, her legs driving, the arms moving like well lubricated pistons, and her stride as smooth as glass. My last glimpse is of her cresting a hill, now far ahead of me.

As my legs refuse to carry me at this pace, and my lungs go into shock, I can only smile, feeling the heat and wondering if it's due to the weather. I run on, wanting only to finish this race...and hoping that she wins.

---

bio note: Gena Ratcliff is a displaced Texan, living in New York City with her cats, Nike and Reebok, and her greyhound Pearlie. As co-chair of Track and Field for Gay Games in 1994, she looks forward to seeing all the women runners...from the rear.

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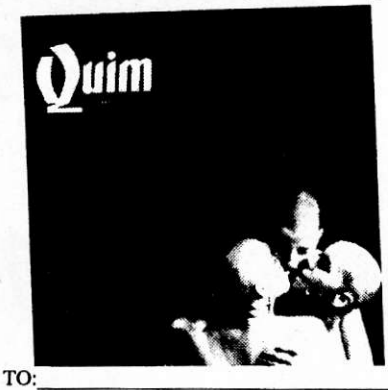

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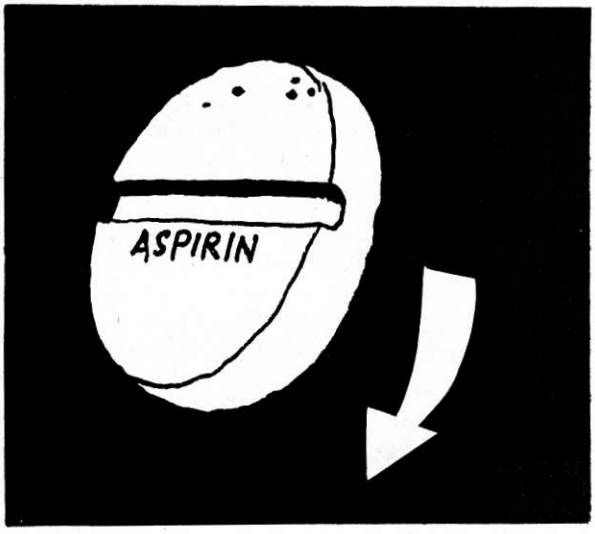

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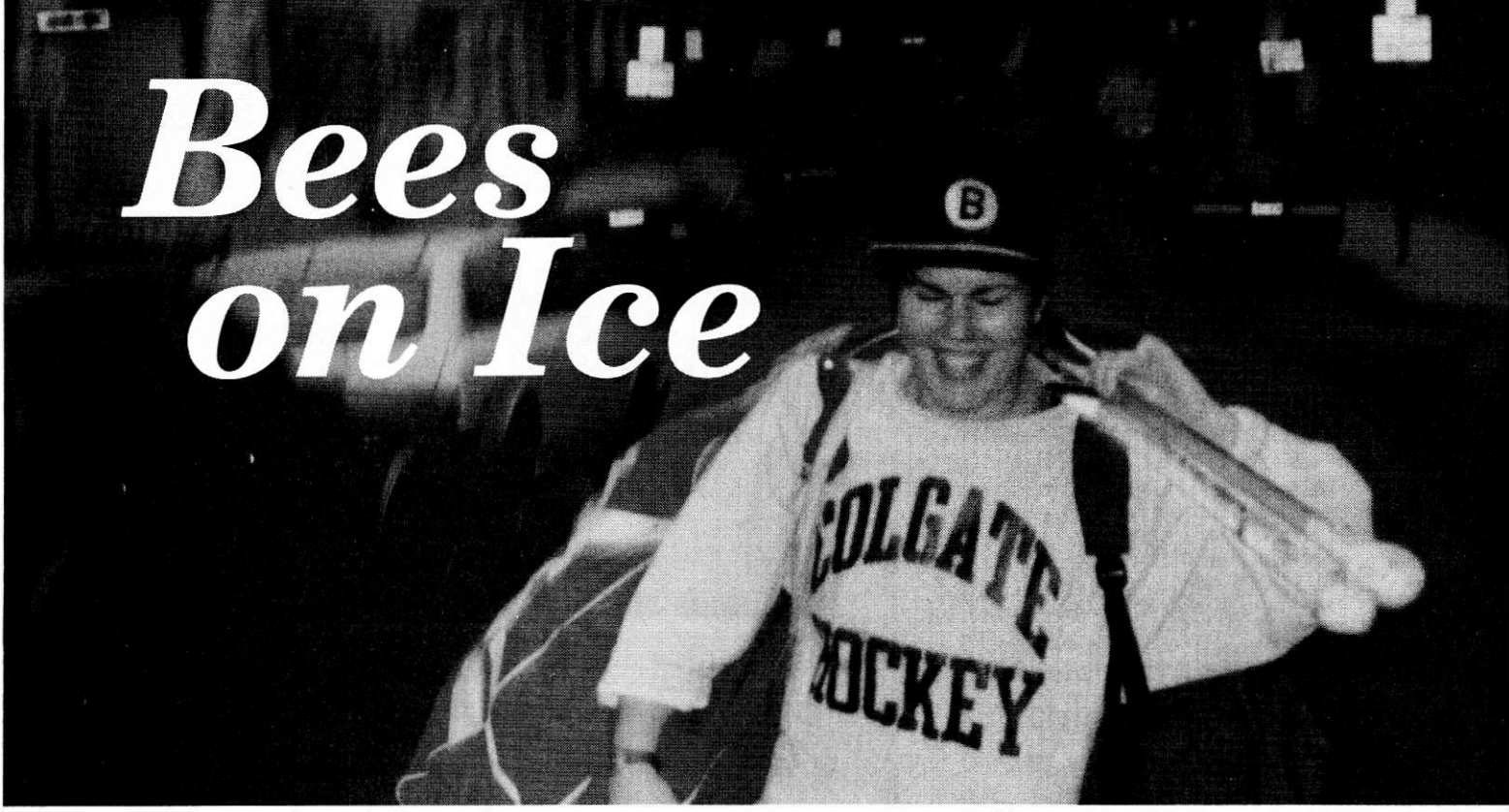
Bees on Ice



Maria Vetrano, going to a hockey match.

Photo courtesy of the Boston Beehives photo archives.

by Roxxie

They love big hair, women, cool jerseys, and skates.

They make things travel at speeds of 80 miles per hour and they wear tons of padding. They believe big hair and big muscles should go together. Their worst fear is a groin pull, so they're always stretching "down there." They define themselves as, "BEE•Hive (be'hiv'), n. lesbian on skates with *Big Hair* and a penchant for black rubber."

With female hockey players making national news by breaking into the men's pro leagues, a new national trend of female interest and participation in ice hockey has taken off. Even women who love big hair are drawn to this helmet-mandatory sport. The Boston Beehives, a lesbian ice hockey team, even sport T-shirts with an ultrafemme icon—a big-haired woman powdering herself in the mirror. Why are so many women of all hair types drawn to this fast-moving well-padded sport?

This pressing question drove Girljock Magazine to find the behind-the-scenes story about Boston's Beehives, big hair, pads, and lesbian skating action.

Girljock Reporter Roxxie: What stylistically separates you from other hockey teams?

Beehive Maria Vetrano, Queen Bee: And we're not talking ice dancing, here. We are babes on blades who fire a puck 80 miles an hour. We are women of the blue line. We love ice rinks, hockey sticks, cool jerseys, women, and big hair. I suppose you could say we have a sense of camp, because, unlike your typical team, with names like 'Sharks' or 'Chargers' or 'Barbarians' or whatever, we are the 'Beehives,' and we want to play hockey and exploit humor at the same time. Why should gay men have the corner on camp?

R: Good question. What does it take to become a Beehive? Do you have special initiation rituals?

M: Well, if a new player were six feet tall with nineteen inch hair, we'd roll out the red carpet for her. We'd probably be so distracted we couldn't even practice. She wouldn't need an initiation ritual; some of us might even kowtow to her. Now, if a more typical sized player wanted to join the Beehives, we would ask her about her political affiliations and make sure she wasn't a vegetarian. Not really, we'd ask how long she'd played hockey, what her favorite colors are, has she ever wounded anyone with a slapshot...

R: Do you recruit musical players as well?

M: YES! Beehives love to sing and otherwise carry on. We could always use more Divas. When we were in Montreal last April for the first Gay & Lesbian North American Hockey Challenge, we won the Talent Competition.

R: What did you perform?

M: An original spin-off of "Mr. Sandman" and customized version of "It Had to Be You," which we sang to my friend, Al, who was wearing a wig, heels, and one of my mother's dresses. He looked like a very butch Patsy Cline with facial hair.

We sang before and after practices, we sang walking down

the street, we sang at the Montreal talent competition – that was actually pretty competitive, what with a men's team from LA being there and all. We even sang at Boston's Gay & Lesbian Pride Parade in June.

R: So what's the hockey like on your team? How competitive are you?

M: We have a mixed level team. Some players will go on to the U.S. Nationals this year, some are moderately competitive and experienced. Almost all of us play every week in one of the Boston women's leagues and one coaches girls' prep ice hockey.

"Big hair" is a way of life - a Beehive mentality. We are "big hair", so we don't always have to wear it.

R: What are the main hockey injuries and how do you avoid them?

M: Well, the one which I detest the absolute most and can be very limiting, shall we say, is the groin pull. If you're skating a lot, it's important to stretch the groin - or say good-bye to your love life during hockey season. Knee injuries, like ligament strains and pulls, are also fairly common. I've seen some nasty things over the years - broken collarbones and one broken pelvis - but those are few and far between.

R: Can you cruise the other teams during games or is the play too fast?

M: It's very hard to cruise someone who's wearing a helmet. It's not like the old NHL days when players skated around *sans* head protection. So, you really can't see anyone's face in great detail. Maybe her skating style and puck handling will drive you crazy, who knows? Cruising is usually reserved for pre-game and post-game celebrations. At the post-game party in Montreal, some of our players engaged in mega-adult "Truth or Dare"; more than one of us walked up to the opposition, delivering kisses on mouths and navels.

R: Did drag queens influence the evolution of your "big hair" style, or was it a leftover from childhood?

M: Drag queens, no. Doris Day, yes. The big hair thing flies in the face of how hockey players usually define themselves - macho, virile, all of that. Beehives are a contradiction in terms: we are silly women with a femmy icon who can REALLY play hockey.

R: Of all hair options, why big hair?

M: Because we get sick of cruising cute blond boys on the street, having mistaken them for women. We think big hair AND big muscles go together.

R: Do you keep "big hair" when you play?

M: No, it wouldn't fit under our helmets - and it would look really terrible after a game of hockey. "Big hair" is a way of life - a Beehive mentality. We are "big hair," so we don't always have to wear it. We do have some official wigs, though, and one of our be-wigged players once metamorphosed into a suburban housewife while we weren't looking. It's a sad story. We now call her Louise. Last I know, she was buying a Volvo. Tragic.

R: Do fans wear wigs?

Happy Beehives after a match.

Photo courtesy of the Boston Beehives photo archives.

First Lady of Hockey

Atlanta Knights Sign Female Netminder

Atlanta — Manon Rheaume signed her three year contract with the Atlanta Knights with an announcement that her mission was to be a goaltender, not a pioneer. "When you face 100mph shots and this kind of pressure, it isn't because you want to be the first female," Rheaume said. "I love hockey and I want to go higher. It's a passion for me." To improve her strength, Rheaume immediately entered an advanced conditioning program at the Georgia Sports Institute. She attends a three hour workout every day... Steve Bartlett (her agent) said, "Her fan mail and interview requests equal that of a top star in the NHL." She has appeared on the David Letterman Show, signed autographs at an Atlanta Braves baseball playoff game, filmed a Starter apparel commercial with Mark Messier, and has been the subject of a news report on Entertainment Tonight.

Excerpted from the flip side of Manon Rheame's Pro Hockey Prospects Hockey Card, ©1993 Classic Games, Inc.

M: Only our male ones, for some reason. I guess our female ones are too concerned with catching our attention. Unlike the other team, they're not wearing helmets. So we can see them quite well. Our fans also perform a Beehive cheer of sorts - it's called the "Beehive Buzz". When a Beehive scores a goal or a Beehive goalie makes a great save, they do this buzzing thing. This happened in Montreal. Unfortunately, some of the Montreal fans caught on and they started spraying our fans with imaginary RAID. It wasn't pretty.

R: Do drag queens get jealous of your wigs or hockey drag?

M: The drag queens again! Are your best friends drag queens? We've never had any protests by drag queens or anything - and I think they have fancier wigs. As for our hockey drag - it's not the most attractive garb in the world, although some women do seem to look hot in it. I don't think a drag queen would be caught dead in a hockey uniform. It doesn't have any sequins.

R: So, what does your uniform look like?

M: We aim for classic line and color - we have white jerseys with black line art. The art is of a Beehive woman in uniform on skates. We also have matching socks and some of us wear lipstick under our helmets.

R: How do you Bees get ready for games?

M: We usually sing in the locker room in a little pre-game psyche-up ritual. Sometimes we also hum the theme from "Mission Impossible." We've only sang on the ice once, but look forward to more opportunities in the future.

R: Are bigger hockey sticks more macho, or are hockey sticks all the same size?

M: Some sticks are more macho than others - they're called goalie sticks. I'm one of the Beehives' goalies, but I'm not feeling that macho right now, so I'm learning defense.

Goalie sticks are much larger. They're designed for deflecting shots; forward sticks (used by defense, wings, and centers) are designed for shooting and controlling the puck. Some players are more 'macha' than others, but that's got nothing to do with the sticks.

R: What kind of padding do hockey players wear and where does it go?

M: Well, I think I'll start with forward equipment; it's easier to explain. Forwards wear pants, knee/shin guards, shoulder/breast pads, pelvic protectors (more important than you know!), elbow pads, gloves, helmets, and skates. Goalies wear all the padding they can get their hands on. Sometimes they look like Michelin Tire Women on skates. Goalies wear special pants, big leg pads that extend from their lower thighs to their skates, pelvic protectors, goalie skates, arm and chest pads, special gloves - a blocker and a

Photo courtesy of the Atlanta Knights.

Girl Hockey Jocks Wear Jill Straps

Roxxie reports on the female side of protectors.

Not everyone calls them jills. Cooper, the company that makes them, says they are 'Women's Protective Pads'. Bay Area Valkyries winger Angie Dennis says, "I grew up on the East Coast calling them jill straps. People call them 'women's protectors,' or 'jill straps,' or you can call them your cup, too."

The jill strap is made of hard plastic and foam padding. The plastic is on the outside, and the foam padding underneath, protecting the groin area from trauma. Jill straps are mandatory equipment for collegiate hockeywomen, but not everyone playing recreational hockey wears them.

"Some people won't wear it cause they say it feels like a sanitary napkin, but it doesn't even go down past your clit," Valkyrie Dennis explains, "All defenders wear them, cause, when an 80 or 90 mph slapshot hits you in the crotch you're going to be sorry. Offensive players don't always wear them but they should wear them too, cause many times they have to play defense too, or offensive players can get a stick in the crotch, too. I've seen women crawl to the bench after a hard crotch hit, and lay there moaning for the rest of the period."

Body temperature plays another factor in the jill strap issue. Hockey, although requiring cold ice, is a sweaty sport. The big padded shorts hockey players wear called 'breezers,' have a gusseted crotch made of mesh or sheer material. The wind blows through the crotch area, severely cooling the crotches of non-jill-strapped women. "You get really cold," says Dennis, who sounds as if she's skipped wearing hers at least once, "I feel naked without one. Jill straps are like a tiny little clit cup."

Jill straps give Dennis and many other female players a new feeling of equality with men. Dennis explains, "In hockey, locker rooms are given out per team. If you play co-ed hockey, you share locker rooms with men sometimes. Hockey isn't modest, at all. People will even change in the hallway. When I'm getting dressed in a locker room with men, and they put on and adjust their jock straps, I get to adjust my jill strap, and it feels good."

bio note: Cover model Angie Dennis, Bay Area Valkyries Winger, and Princeton Women's Varsity Ice Hockey Alum (80-84), is an all around Girl Jock.

I think that women will have professional hockey when all the homophobes and most of the men are sent to Idaho to live.

catcher, and a helmet with a throat protector. Goalies don't travel as fast as forwards.

R: While wearing full hockey uniforms, can you tell the difference between a man and a woman? A butch and femme?

M: You can't always tell the difference between men and women. It's those helmets again. If Mary Stuart Masterson wore one, I wouldn't even recognize her - and that would be terrible. So, you can't always tell gays and lesbians apart, either. There are some excellent lesbian and gay male (not drag queens) ice hockey players. One of the guys on the Montreal team used to play in the NHL, and he didn't wear a helmet. He also had a mustache. I knew HE wasn't a woman! As for butches and femmes, it's like I said before. We're all butch and we're all femme. Almost all. One of our players, Donna, is really pretty femme. If she lost her Lancôme, all hell would break loose.

R: What are good ways to stay in shape for hockey?

M: Biking, stairmaster, racquetball, weight training, jogging (if your knees are okay) are all good. Hockey requires both strength and speed, sprints and endurance. It's flavorful, yet piquant - know what I mean?

R: Will there ever be women's professional ice hockey?

M: I don't know. Will there ever be women's professional basketball or softball? Both of those games have more participants nationwide. Even men's hockey isn't as big a sport as baseball or basketball, so I don't think that women's hockey will be one of the first (other than golf, tennis, or beach volleyball), to go professional. Also, one of the sick things about men's professional hockey is the contact - checking and fighting. These things are not (generally) part of the women's game. I think that women will have professional hockey when all the homophobes and most of the men are sent to Idaho to live. When our neo-Amazonian society is in place, then women will have professional hockey. I'm hoping that will be soon.

There's a woman goalie who's playing professionally now, and I think she's the first woman to ever get a real contract with a pro team. Her name is Manon Rheaume, she's only twenty years old, and she's a native of Quebec. On September 23rd of this year, she was the first woman EVER to play in a major league men's professional game. She played one period (that's twenty minutes, not five days) for the Tampa Bay Lightning, an NHL expansion team run by Phil Esposito. After the game, she signed a three-year contract with the Atlanta Knights, the Lightning's International Hockey League affiliate (minor league team).

R: Do you think she'd like to be a Beehive?

M: I think she's straight, and a lesbian team wouldn't be the place for her. Besides, she's much more serious than we are. I would love to see her play. Any Beehive in her right mind would. One of our coaches, S.T., who's an excellent goalie in her own right, ran out and bought Manon Rheaume's rookie card. She was psyched. We all were.

R: What would you say to Manon Rheaume, if you could?

M: I'd say (in perfect Canadian French), "It's an honor to meet you. Your accomplishments and your courageousness are awesome.... Hey, you're cute. Have you met my friend, Louise?"

big note: The Boston Beehives are actively seeking other teams for tournaments. Montreal will host the 2nd Gay and Lesbian North American Hockey Challenge in April or May of '93. Lesbian teams from Boston, Montreal, and Toronto will be there. Women's teams from Vancouver and Washington, D. C. may also attend. They'd love to see a Bay Area team there. Also, the Beehives will sponsor a tournament in the fall of '93 and the 1994 Gay Games in New York will have ice hockey. If you'd like more information on upcoming events or if you're interested in buying a 100% cotton, heavyweight Beehive T (M, L, XL) for $12, please write to:

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24 Ounces of Boxing Gloves

Confessions of an Equipment Loving Ex-Soccer Player Turned Boxer

by Karin Aguilar-San Juan

Recently, I threw my soccer cleats into the closet and I took up boxing. Playing soccer was an injurious activity, not quite in harmony with my risk-averse nature. Besides, they say crosstraining can improve your dating options. It's also good practice in case you end up in a dark alley with a boxer. Otherwise, it's just good exercise. And talk about equipment!

Buying gloves, for the first time, was an adventure in and of itself. Any woman who has even attempted to purchase a pair ought to be given a Girljock award for that activity alone. I asked the clerk at "the store for the urban athlete" for one pair of gloves. He pointed to the shelf. All I saw was a box with two pairs sold together, labeled "Father and Son." The photo on the box portrayed a manly father smiling at his soon-to-be manly son. "Do I look like either of them? Or both?" I challenged the clerk.

The man at the second store was much more helpful, although I admit I was skeptical that a 60-year-old fellow would do much to help me obtain such male accouterment. "Are they for you?" he asked, earning a point for himself in my mental tracking of sexism in retail. After all, he didn't ask about my husband, or my son. "Jimmy! Get the gloves down for this girl!" Five more points in his favor, never mind the condescending terminology. He was treating me like a serious customer.

Poor Jimmy. He had Terminal Slouch, a disease afflicting many teenage boys in this area. He looked at me—just one more girljock entering a domain that decades ago would have been considered the exclusive territory of boys like him—and his slouch grew deeper. Shoulders stooping, he dragged himself up a ladder and reached for the gloves. "Get her the 12-ouncers," my old man ordered.

They were beautiful. Real leather, hand stitching, elegant laces, with a fit...like a glove. All three of us took turns stroking the pair, bonded, for that brief moment, in our appreciation for true artistry. "Mmmm. These'd pack a punch, eh?" I muttered. "Yeah," returned Jimmy in a dreamy voice, forgetting how minutes ago my mere existence constituted a dangerous threat to his emergent masculinity. "I'll take 'em," I declared, slapping down my VISA card. The old man wrapped my package with tender loving care, and I went home contented, a new woman.

Being properly equipped is an important aspect of life for the sporty dyke. I now carry my gloves—all 24 ounces of them—in a Nike sports bag, so that everyone on the bus will know that I'm toting certified athletic items, as opposed to high heels. Naturally, I also own a mouthguard, hi-tops, spandex, and several million jogbras.

My last boxing partner turned out to be quite a sporty babe indeed. Her smart fire-engine red lipstick was offset by her ropey delts and pecs. Rumor had it, she was a champion "crew jock." Only slightly distracted, I bit down hard on my mouthpiece. We traded punches in a friendly—but not playful—fashion (my first clue). Left jab, right straight punch, left hook. Over and over again. Till our arms burned. Pow! She caught me with my guard down, but she didn't stop to apologize (my second clue). Pow! I bopped her with my speedy jab. She didn't flinch (my third clue). Bob and weave. Punch, hook, uppercut. By now, I was strategizing our locker-room romance.

Shopping for such equipage is a sport unto itself, and such shoppers should definitely also be considered "girljock

The coach blew his whistle, finally, thank the goddess. We tore off our gloves, wiped the sweat off our faces, sucked down some water. She declared to no one in particular (but I was the only person in earshot) that she had a cramp in her forearm. "You need to rub it out. Let me do it," I instructed her, wondering how a real rower could suddenly be so helpless and naive about a simple muscle spasm.

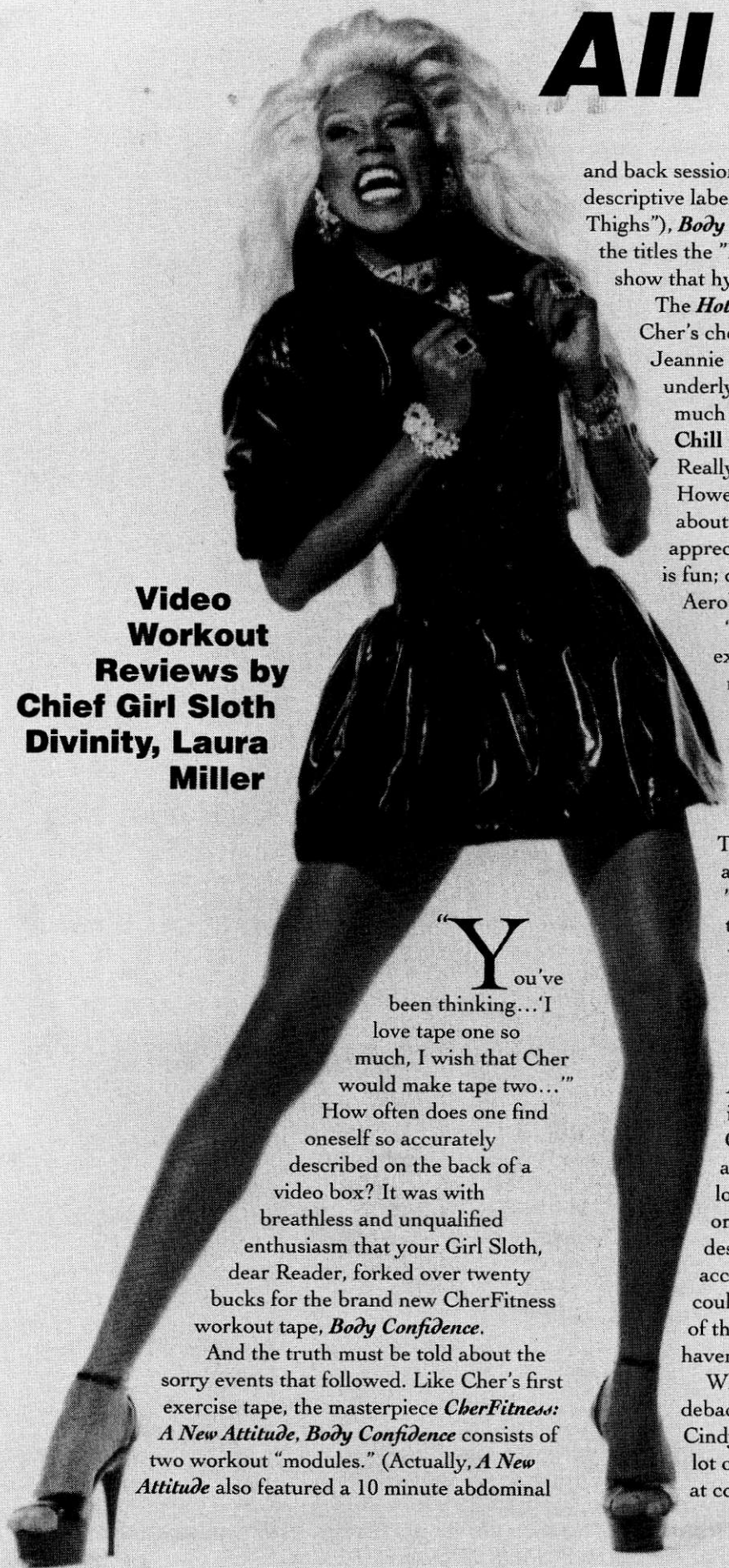
Forty-five minutes later, her cramp seemed to have loosened, and I was contemplating dinner. "You wanna grab something to eat?" I ventured, and she smiled. As we left the gym, I knew I was in good hands when, suavely, she opened the door for me. Just like a natural.

Photo by Jill Posener

Model: Gina Guidi

bio note: Karin Aguilar-San Juan is probably the only Boston-based GJ subscriber who also gets Filipinas, *another magazine produced in San Francisco. She will pay good money for a T-shirt that reads "SAME SEX NAKED BOXING."*

All Workout



Video Workout Reviews by Chief Girl Sloth Divinity, Laura Miller

"You've been thinking...'I love tape one so much, I wish that Cher would make tape two...'" How often does one find oneself so accurately described on the back of a video box? It was with breathless and unqualified enthusiasm that your Girl Sloth, dear Reader, forked over twenty bucks for the brand new CherFitness workout tape, ***Body Confidence***.

And the truth must be told about the sorry events that followed. Like Cher's first exercise tape, the masterpiece ***CherFitness: A New Attitude, Body Confidence*** consists of two workout "modules." (Actually, ***A New Attitude*** also featured a 10 minute abdominal and back session.) While ***A New Attitude*** was content with modest descriptive labelling ("Step Workout," "Abs and Back," "Buns and Thighs"), ***Body Confidence*** presses its self-satisfaction upon us with the titles the "Hot Dance" and "Mighty Bands." Let the record show that hyperbole is the first sign of inner decay.

The ***Hot Dance*** is a basic, acceptable aerobic workout, led by Cher's choreographer, Dorrie, a woman with an I Dream of Jeannie hairdo and a flat, affectless voice that suggests underlying psychopathology. Like the first video, it offers a much better than average soundtrack, featuring such **Big Chill** faves as "Dancing in the Streets" and "You've Really Got Me Now" (original artists, remixed). However, Dorrie's intermittent, poker-faced comments about how much "major fun" we're all having are neither appreciated nor confidence-inspiring. Going to the movies is fun; drinking coffee at a canal-side cafe in Venice is fun. Aerobics are merely necessary.

"Mighty Bands" employs giant rubber bands, an exercise gadget in current vogue. A pair of the requisite bands comes packaged with the tape; they look like very long, very thick dental dams. Mine broke immediately. You can order more from an outfit in Sherman Oaks, but I wasn't about to encourage that sort of thing, so I bought some generic rubber bands at a sporting goods store. They turned out to be all wrong, at which point I abandoned the enterprise in disgust. While the "Mighty Bands" workout features the upper body toning that was absent from Cher's first workout video, ***A New Attitude***, the music is recorded so loud that you can barely hear the instructions, or Cher's inimitable wisecracks, one of CherFitness' unique charms.

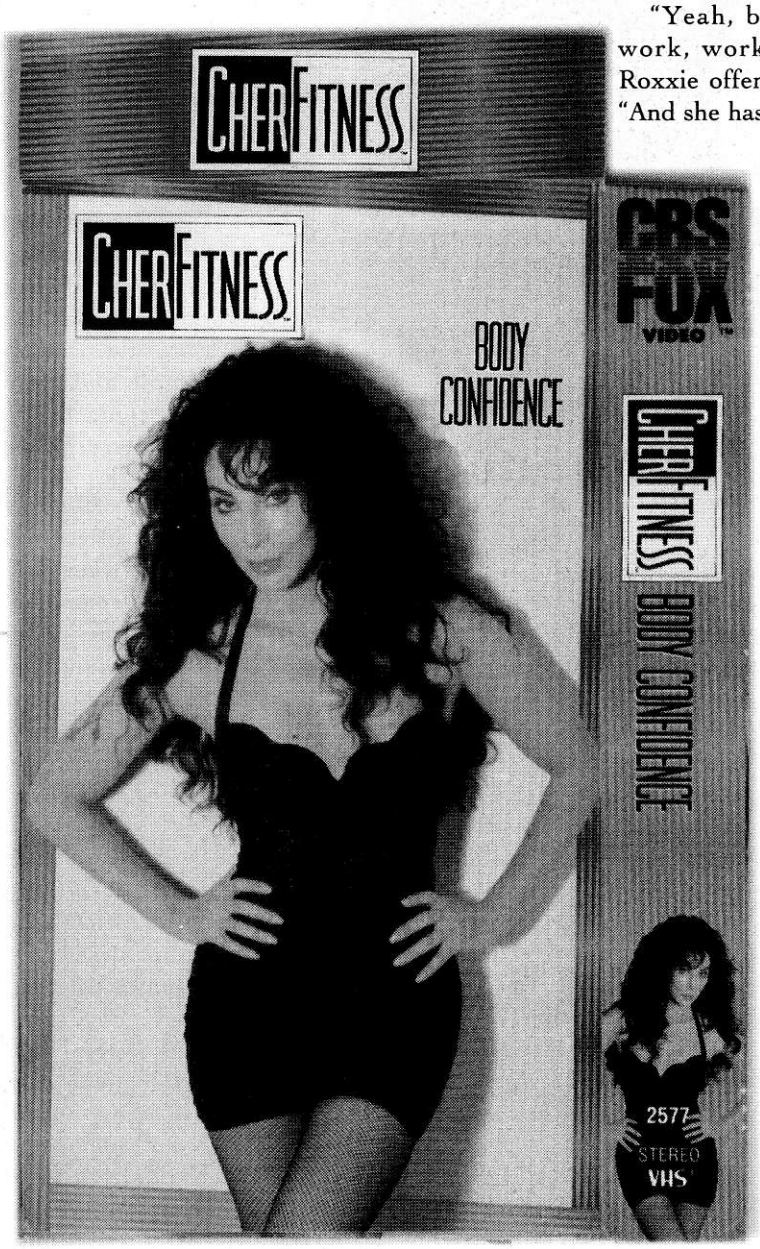
I blame myself. Things were said in my review of ***A New Attitude*** that I now regret. Kelli Roberts, the instructrix for ***A New Attitude*** has vanished from the CherFitness scene, and I can only wonder if my affectionate, if admittedly gruff, description of her as looking like "a giant tendon with a tuft of blonde hair on top" had something to do with this. I also described her as Australian, although the British accent-consultant I called in had warned me that "she could be a Kiwi, and they get really mad about that sort of thing." Whatever it was: Kelli, come back. Things haven't been the same since you left.

While I was still distraught over the ***Body Confidence*** debacle, friends kept asking me if I was going to review Cindy Crawford's new tape, ***Shape Your Body***. It takes a lot of hype to get people talking about a workout video at cocktail parties, so I felt obliged to check it out. I

Video Action

borrowed a copy (in the Girl Sloth tradition) from a co-worker, who said, "It looks like a 45 minute Revlon commercial."

As everyone knows, the scandal over the potential dangers of this routine has rocked the workout video world to its very foundations ("What does she tell you to do, juggle knives?" my sedentary friend Joe asked.) The program was developed by Crawford and one Radu Teodorescu "over two years of one-on-one sessions." You wondered what the Romanian secret police have been doing since the revolution? Here's your answer. In his sinister Transylvanian accent, Radu orders Crawford to "leeft da leyg; back, frohnt, back, frohnt" with absolutely no precautions to protect ankles, knees and especially the lower back. Crawford manages to gasp out a few warnings, but considering the routine basically consists of swinging your arms and legs all over the place, this is hardly sufficient. And the routine isn't even aerobic. It appears that the former communist menace is now devoting its energies to incapacitating the cute, rich and dumb, and I say, more power to 'em. It's time to get back to core values.



With so many disappointments on the workout front, I was consoling myself by returning to ***CherFitness: A New Attitude***, when our illustrious editrix, Roxxie Rox-a-tronic, suggested that I review the new RuPaul video, "Supermodel," just out from Tommy Boy records in New York.

"But it's a music video, not a workout tape," I protested.

"Yeah, but she sings 'You better work, work, work' over and over," Roxxie offered by way of justification. "And she has the best press release! She says, 'You're born naked and all the rest is drag. . . everyone's a drag queen, even Barbara Bush. It's a look. From the ghetto to the White House, everything's a look.'"

I never argue with La Rox-a-tronic when she's laughing that hard because she might choke. Although the RuPaul video is only four minutes long (hardly enough time to work up good sweat), it is rife with such directives as "Turn to the left. Turn to right! Sashay shante! Make love to the camera!" (Although I think the "Sashay shante" part is supposed to be the supermodel's name, go ahead and sashay anyway. I haven't figure out how to execute the fourth command yet.)

You can have a pretty good time and get your heart rate up by imitating our supermodel while you watch this video, although I doubt that any workout will give you legs like RuPaul's. For that you need XY chromosomes. Despite some major glamor opportunitities, being a supermodel is clearly a high-stress profession, driving Cindy Crawford into the clutches of a former Bolshevik, and even the soignée RuPaul to pitch a Nora Desmond-esque fit of supergrimacing. At times like these, a Girl Sloth learns to pause, take a deep breath, and appreciate the wisdom of her chosen path.

Rock Options: When Women Playing Acoustic Guitars aren't enough

Every other publication does a "Women In Rock" tribute, paying homage to Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde as examples of women who could not only sing and play guitar, but could write too. Yet as the 70's progressed, and Rock'n Roll slipped back into a "rock god/male icon" mode, it became clear that musicians like Smith and Hynde were exceptions in the male-dominated music world.

The 1980's world of female pop-stars offered no mainstream rock options and instead focused on the Folk Revival. Record companies popularized talents like Tracy Chapman, Michelle Shocked and the promising and controversial Sinead O'Connor. These women were accomplished, and had lots to say, but they were by no means rockers. Without exception, by their respective third albums, they were either releasing mediocre old standards remakes or simply putting together arrangements with far too many strings.

Women in rock seem to have taken a turn down New Age Lane

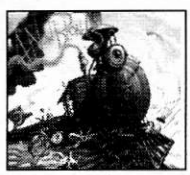
Okay, so sometimes Indigo Girls can hit the spot, and Melissa Etheridge can belt 'em out as well as the next guy, but what's a girljock to do when a woman with an acoustic guitar just isn't enough? When she craves something with an edge — something really hard driving and dirgy?

Well, grunge girls are out there. The labels are signing them; they're just not telling you about it. They're catering to a softer, fluffier female audience, with more palatable options like Sophie B. Hawkins, Enya (don't get me started), Annie Lennox, and the flipsy-dipsy, go-nowhere vocals of Shawn Colvin. Women in rock seem to have taken a turn down "New Age Lane," while bands like Babes in Toyland, L7, Bikini Kill, Hole, and Mecca Normal, go virtually unmentioned. Although there's something to be said for the alternative, underground scene, it would also be nice to hear about these options:

Breeders - *Safari* e.p.

A cutting sarcastic band, composed of Kim Deal (the female half of The Pixies), and Throwing Muses' Tanya Donelly, as well as Josephine Wiggs, Kelley Deal, and a hard hitting drummer named Mike Hunt (say that three times fast). Their first album, *Pod*, is required listening, with a version of 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun' that changes everything. Their newest release, *Safari*, affectionately known as "the break-up e.p.," is lyrically simple and painfully to the point, with lots of energetic but controlled guitar work. My only complaint about this four-song e.p. is that it's too short.

4 Non Blondes - *Bigger, Better, Faster, More!*



There was some buzz on this band, back when they used to play the local scene, but somehow they didn't fare so well in the production department. For starters, they sound far too much like Concrete Blonde, both vocally, verbally and even visually — the cover art looks vaguely like something Concrete Blonde might use. Coincidence, or some rival label's evil scheme gone awry? Either way, this band's got nothin' on Concrete Blonde.

Linda Perry's vocals are husky enough to inquire about, but the band doesn't support her and her uninspired, repetitive lyrics certainly can't. 4 Non Blondes sadly fall into the "anthem rock" category, and while I'm all for women entering this strictly male territory, it's a form of music I could care less about. I would say more nasty things about this band, but the album was so boring I had to take it off.

Linda Perry's vocals are husky enough to inquire about

Lucinda Williams - *Sweet Old World*

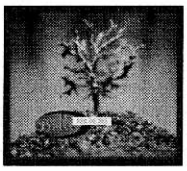
While Lucinda Williams can hardly be classified as Rock, she is an excellent writer with a voice that doesn't sound like anybody else's. When she does a Blues cover, complete with slide guitar, she makes it her own in the old Blues tradition.

But there are no Blues covers on this particular album. This collection of original material is probably best described as Country, with great ballads like "Sidewalks Of The City," the punchy and disturbing "Pineola," and the potential hit "Six Blocks Away." There are some slow moments here, like the slightly repetitive "Lines Around Your Eyes," but

by Annie Scherb

Lucinda Williams has a simple yet effective way of conveying her images. Over all, it's a very pleasing album.

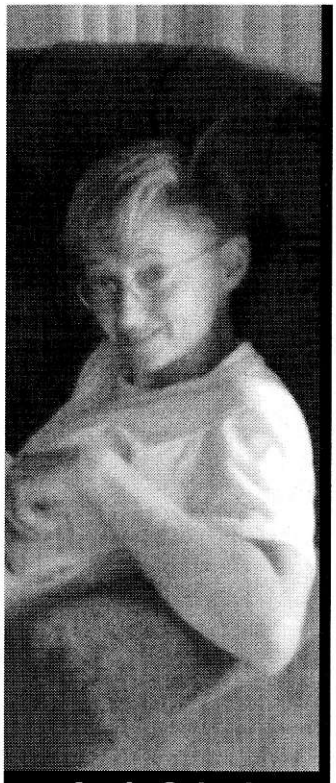
Belly - *Star*



Tanya Donelly, lead singer, guitarist and writer for Belly, is no newcomer to the music scene. She was the distinctive vocalist in Throwing Muses for years, and collaborated with Kim Deal in the Breeders. However, *Star*, with Thomas Gorman on guitars, Fred Abong on bass and Chris Gorman on drums is easily her best work so far.

Star starts off slowly with a short, eerie lament entitled "Someone To Die For," before breaking into the album's sure hits: "Gepetto," "Slow Dog," and the brilliant, "Feed The Tree." The album alternates between upbeat, determined numbers like "Dusted" and the more melancholy, haunting sounds of say, "Untogether" or "Star." Whatever the mood, Donelly's voice is always strong and concise, and her lyrics don't just tell a story, they pull you into it, with fragments of conversation and outrageous metaphors.

Also available are the import e.p.'s *Slow Dust*, *Gepetto*, and *Feed The Tree*, all containing unreleased tracks well worth checking out.



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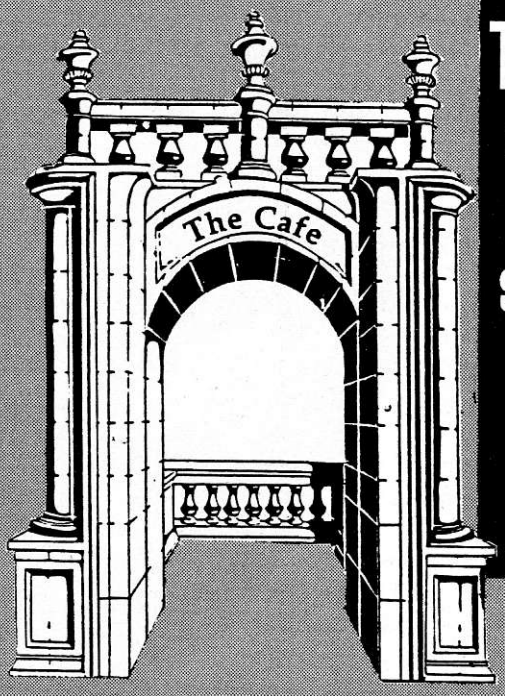

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the Café is a great place to go after the game.

Shaved Glory

By Susie Gerhard

In the Play-Doh beauty world, it's so easy. You pump the hair dough through the plastic sieve on top of the plastic neck and simply shave it off when the urge hits. It's instant gratification — and the doll retains its perfectly molded self-respect in the meantime. There are no awkward moments with the barber, grocer, friends, or family.

But when you try this game at home, the results are much more confounding. A friend, who'd just gotten her hair cut and shaved by six laughing dykes in a kitchen, went into her corner store and the clerk had decided she was now dangerous — "I always thought you were sweet and quiet."

Maybe she was all three. But the one thing she was for sure during that particular Snapple transaction was bald — which suddenly made her a traveling inkblot test.

STRANGE COMPANY

Sinead O'Connor didn't invent the shaved head, though the many stunned interviewers never seemed to catch on. In fact, in many ways, she suffers from it — accidentally filed as a feminist in many rock critics' computers — more for what's not on her head than what's in it (though, in the Rolling Stone interview, she set the record straight on the subject of feminism when she dissed Desiree Washington).

Is she butch, femme, punk, an ascetic, or just bored with the shampoo aisle?

It's not good cultural policy to assume: If we divided the world by hair length, we'd have one group with punks, Nazis, fashionable bald lipstick lesbians, Sinead O'Connor, the pope, and Sigourney Weaver. In another group would be career politicians and sensibly closed-cropped women; in still another there'd be Kurt Cobain, Tammy Wynette — and much dissonance.

But, as crossdressers Ru Paul and Phranc could tell you, assuming is actually the radical part.

At XTC Lounge, a lesbian sex club in San Francisco where my friend made a pre-Thanksgiving appearance, I watched as she became one of the pages in *Sex*: "These girls came on to me like I was some kind of big, learned, hard-assed dyke." And even though she might have enjoyed the attention, she didn't exactly feel like she had done enough time on the docks to deserve it: "They were grabbing me ... as if, just because I have no hair, that that must be the sort of life I had lead."

With the inkblot factor, however, you also have to weather the less-flattering interpretations. When she traveled up to Ukiah, it turned out, she was seen as a menace: "They made me turn in my groceries to go to the bathroom." In her apartment at water-meter time, she had become a mutation: "They stare, don't know what to think."

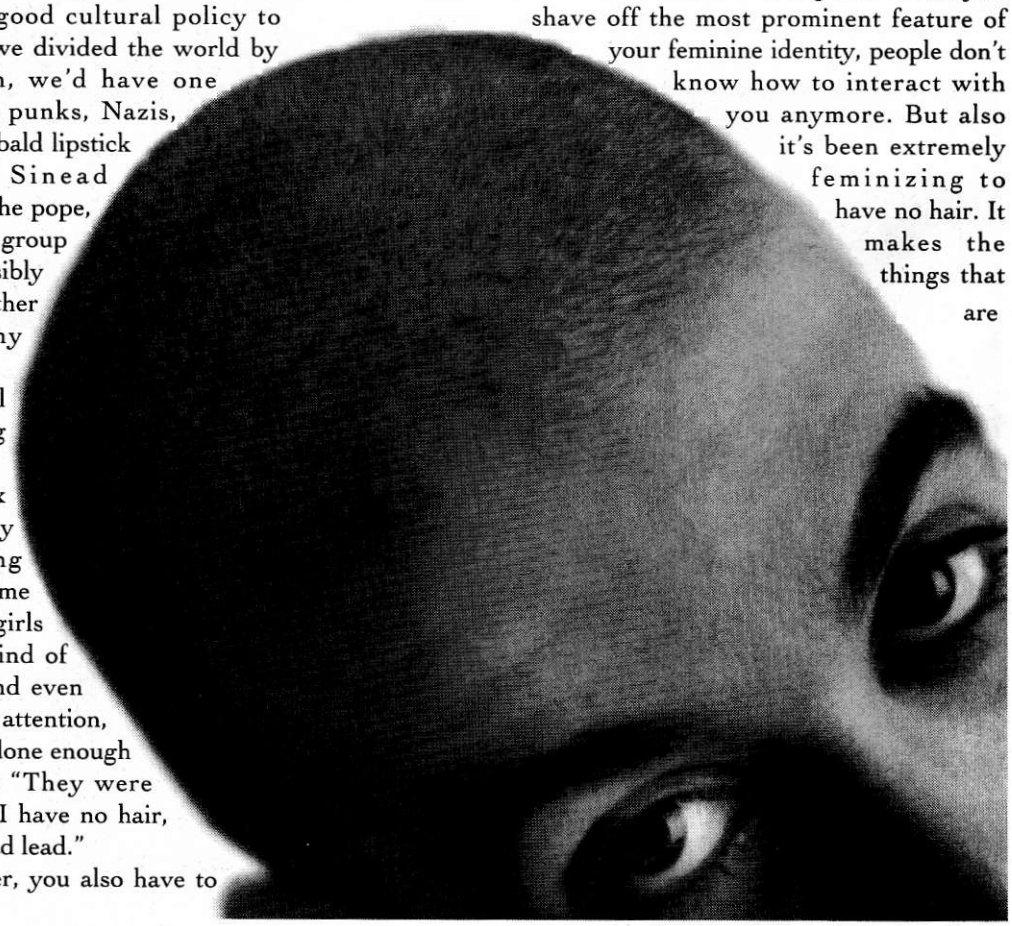
TO BE REAL

But the truth is, even she doesn't really know what to think. Is she butch, femme, punk, an ascetic, or just bored with the shampoo aisle?

It's making her reconsider herself in relation to haircuts past. She's lived through mistakes — one Florence Henderson cut in college, when she thought the bi-levels created sisterhood. But now, with a seeming successful non-hairdo, she says, "Everything has changed because my hair is gone: looking in the mirror, walking down the street and seeing my reflection."

Is it "free your hair, your mind will follow?"

Through the looking glass, she says, again, having no hair is an improvement: "The way people talk to me, the way I appreciate my own sense of independence and self-direction and inventiveness" is better. It's interesting how when you shave off the most prominent feature of your feminine identity, people don't know how to interact with you anymore. But also it's been extremely feminizing to have no hair. It makes the things that are



Nance Peternoster by Chloe Atkins

feminine about me stand out much much more."

Is it "free your hair, your mind will follow?" I'll have to check-in in three months, when the newly grown-in Play-Doh is getting stale.

bio note: Susan Gerhard is a Bay Area writer in hair transition. An earlier version of this column appeared in the San Francisco Bay Guardian. Gerhard currently wishes she was working on an anthology of essays regarding the subject — hair length, nature or nurture.

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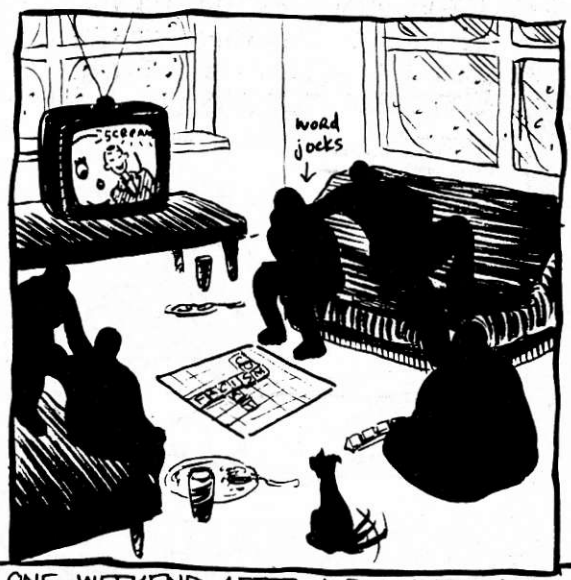
SWEAT
BY ANGELA B
SWEAT PLAYS A CRUCIAL EXPRESSIVE ROLE IN CARTOON REALITY & INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS
©CAGE©1993
WILL ZOE LIKE MY TAT?
SWEAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SEEING A COP BEHIND YOU AS YOU RACE TO YOUR GIRL
ZOE
EEOOEEOO
GASP! SOB! SUE!
AND THE REALATION: IT'S HER EX, SUE CRAZY
ZOE
Hi!
AND BETWEEN SAYING HI TO THAT FINE NEW CO-WORKER...
...AND NOTICING THAT SHE'S READING GIRL JOCK!
IN FACT, IT'S THE MESSENGER OF TRANS-RATIONAL LOVE!
WHAT ELSE
COULD EXPLAIN THIS?!
CIGS
PHOTO GRADUS
CARS
GRAPEFRUIT
LIMA BEANS
(TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR MORE ABOUT THE WONDERS OF SWEAT.)

COWTOWN KAMIKAZE

AS I SIT HERE IN JULY, MELTING IN MY OWN SWEAT, I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I EVER WENT SLEDDING...

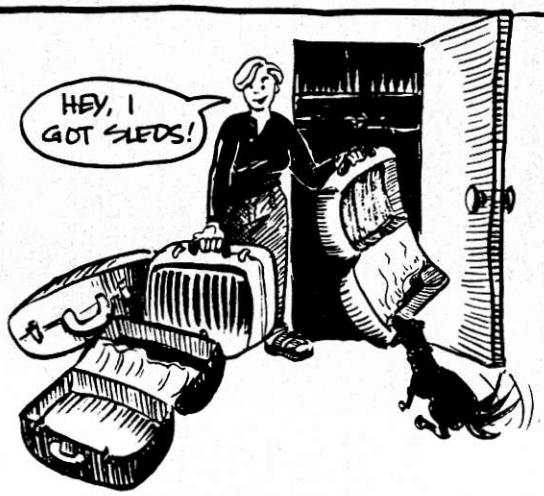
BEING FROM CENTRAL TEXAS, I HAD NEVER LIVED IN A REAL WINTER CLIMATE UNTIL I MOVED TO KANSAS CITY--NOW AS AN 'ADULT' I FEEL LIKE A KID WHEN IT SNOWS IN "COWTOWN."



ONE WEEKEND AFTER A BIG SNOW A GROUP OF US WERE HOLED UP IN KATHY'S APARTMENT FOR SUNDAY BRUNCH AND SCRABBLE...

... WHEN SOMEONE SUGGESTED THAT THE GROUND OUTSIDE WAS PERFECT FOR SLEDDING!

HOWEVER, NONE OF US HAD ANY REAL SLEDS, SO KATHY MACGYVER PULLED OUT HER COLLECTION OF HARD PLASTIC AND VINYL 1960's SUITCASES, WHICH SHE BOUGHT FOR ABOUT TWO BUCKS AT SOME THRIFT STORE...



OFF WE WENT TO THE NEAREST CITY PARK, A CARLOAD OF SPONTANEOUS YOUTHS IN PURSUIT OF CHEAP THRILLS...

THIS IS GILHAM PARK, WHICH IS LONG AND NARROW AND BOUNDED ON EITHER SIDE BY THREE LANES OF TRAFFIC. (WE WERE ON THE RIGHT WHERE THE HILL SLOPES DOWN.)

IT WAS TRUE! THE SNOW WAS IN THAT JUST-RIGHT, SLIGHTLY ICY CONDITION THAT PROVIDED A FAST RIDE! (YET YOU COULD STILL GET BACK UP THE HILL!)

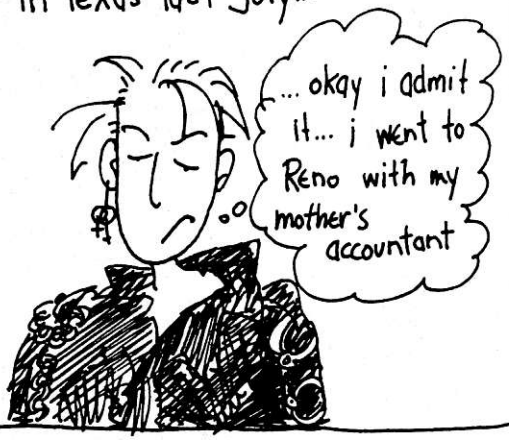
THEN SOMETHING CAUGHT MY DISBELIEVING EYE: IT WAS BETH SCALING THE OPPOSITE WALL OF THE PARK -- WHAT THE FUCK?! THERE'S NOT EVEN A SIDEWALK UP THERE, JUST THREE LANES OF TRAFFIC, A SKINNY CURB, AND VERTICAL DROP!!

ALL I COULD DO WAS WATCH...
...THEN THAT SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AND COMPETITIVE CHALLENGE WELLED UP IN ME, MAKING IT INCONCEIVABLE TO CHICKEN OUT AFTER BETH DIDN'T DIE...
...AND THEN I GOT TO THE TOP AND LOOKED DOWN.
SHIT!
GO! GO! GO!
OK OK OK
AAAAAAAAAAAA
IT WAS A RIDE AND A HALF, THE CALL OF THE WILD, AND DANGEROUS SHIT...
AFTER SCREAMING DOWN THAT WALL OF ICE FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON, IT WAS OVER, AND ONLY THE SUITCASES DIED.
I THINK OF THAT DAY WHEN I WATCH DOWNHILL SPEED SKIERS ON T.V. GOING DOWN BIGGER ICE WALLS WITH BETTER GEAR FOR LOTS OF GLORY...
...AND I KNOW THE THRILL.
The End
©Julie Frank/92

SECRETS of GREAT DYKES....

Katya only pretends to be allergic to Beer...

Michelle didn't go to that S+M biker rally in Texas last July...



Bits didn't sleep with every member of the WRECKER WOMYN'S RUGBY TEAM last weekend...

Jody didn't use a turkey baster...

Suze edits her dreams for her friends...

Joelle is not being truthful when she says that Tank Girl is her idol...

ELF 14/05/92

The 20th of the month holds your special future in:

StarJock Astrology

Capricorn (Dec. 21st to Jan. 19th)

Hey, cardinal earth sign, work on your backhand and avoid contact sports. Showers are a place for new adventure. When in doubt, punt. We don't know what she'll call you but your mom will call on the 20th. The flames coming from the inside of your vibrator mean you've burned out the engine.

Aquarius (Jan. 20th to Feb. 18th)

You are good with your hands. Don't practice hip-hop aerobics but plan to go the distance. Avoid salty foods and electrical storms on the 20th. If you stand on your head during a date, you'll lose your dinner. Stay rooted in facts.

Pisces (Feb. 19th to Mar.19)

This month will be choppy surf. Don't wear fish hook jewelry or fishnet stockings. It's time to replace your footwear. You'll find love where you least expect it. Eat a "Power Bar" on the 20th. Be as butch as possible. Love and accept your butch nature, others will follow suit.

Aries (Mar. 20th to April 18th)

Get ready for a roller coaster. Keep well lubricated. Do everything your girl commands even if she is blindfolded. Don't bother to clean up your act on the 20th, but take out the garbage. Beware of free trips to the zoo, and free credit cards.

Taurus (April 19th to May 19)

You feel corralled this month. Where are the udders? Where's your Stetson? Move ahead without regard for obstacles. Stay in bed on the 20th. Keep electrical appliances at a distance. Hold friends close and write home. Stay out of China shops.

Gemini (May 20 to June 19)

Focus on things that don't matter. Remember to limber up before heavy petting or exercise. All your split personalities will meet on the 20th, but you won't recognize yourselves. Wear extra strong Lycra to hold yourself together. Smile for the camera. Have your other personalities smile too. See a therapist soon.

Cancer (June 20 to July 21)

Your stamina will surprise you. Try not to howl on the full moon. Others will want to know your secret. Tell them nothing. No hallucinogens on the 20th. Find a friend who will hold you, scold you, and make you do the dishes. Keep warm in the wind, you'll glow.

Leo (July 22 to Aug. 21)

Try lifting weights, but don't lift the covers on the 20th. You're ripe for a new relationship, so keep eyes open. Go for a looker. If you like fishing, try reeling in a Pisces. Don't ask the referee for her phone number, your local librarian, or the waitress either. They're paid to be there. Learn humility. Grrrowl, big cat.

Virgo (Aug. 22 to Sept. 21)

You expect too much from yourself, you perfectionist, but others love you for your human weaknesses. Consider wearing white on the 20th. A Scorpio will betray you, but you will be vindicated. Ask an Aquarius to lunch. Take a Taurus to bed, but don't wear red or you'll be mauled.

Libra (Sept. 22 to Oct. 21)

You are out of balance and can't make up your mind. The unexpected won't happen, but neither will the expected. So, avoid expectations all together. Relationships benefit from sappy love songs on the 20th. Don't think that you can win an Aquarian's heart by quoting bad poetry. You've got to learn some new love poetry. If no one hears you, shout.

Scorpio (Oct. 22-Nov 21)

Your lines need a facelift. Stop thinking with your clit and pay attention to your cleats. Extra padding comes in handy. Be a friend to one who needs you. Avoid wearing red on the 20th, you might see a bull. Swimming will get you wet. Wear a raincoat. Remember even though you are a scorpion, latex is your friend.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 20)

Dreams come true this month, but nightmares may follow. Bed is no place for deep thinking. Change deodorants. Change your sheets on the 20th. Let go of your arson habit. Stop borrowing your neighbor's vibrator and buy your own. Just because it seems the new administration is pro-woman and pro-queer, don't avoid that political rally or demonstration. Keep fighting the fight, tough one.

by Minna Je Twa

Department of More Essential Fun

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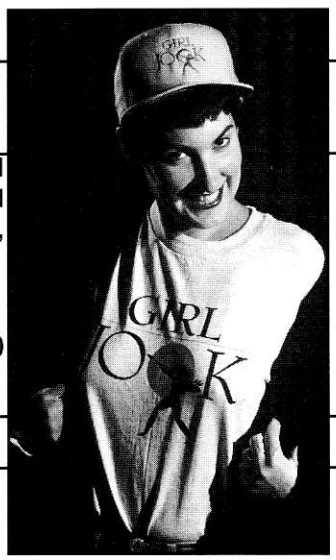

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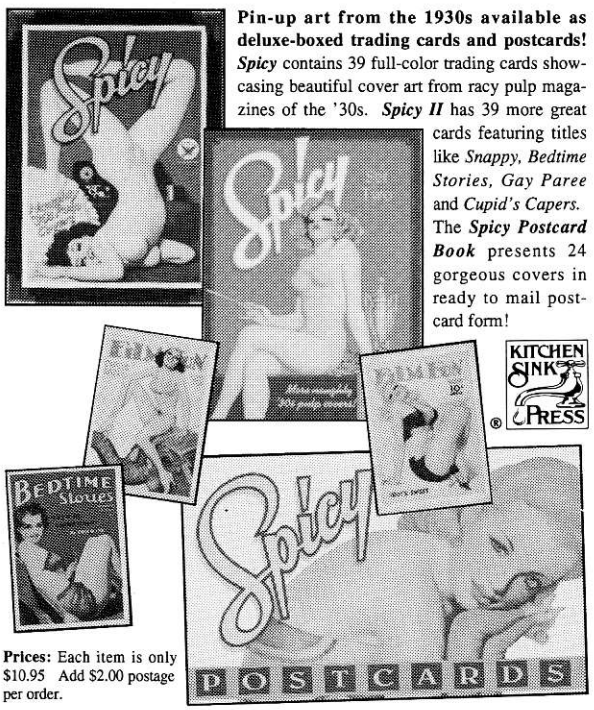

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